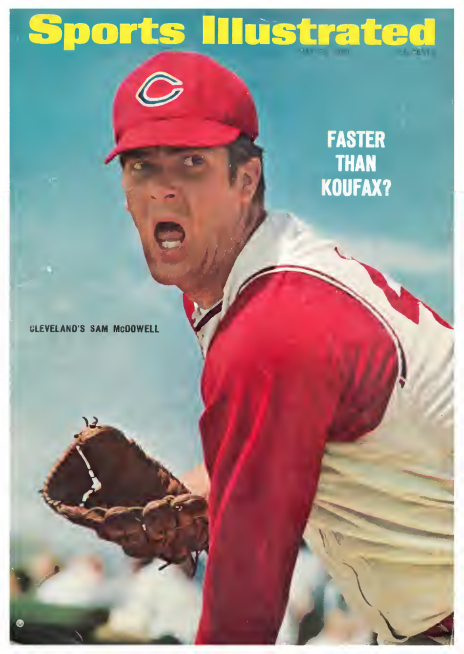


Sports Illustrated



MAY 1976 \$2.00

16 CENTS

**FASTER
THAN
KOUFAX?**

CLEVELAND'S SAM McDOWELL



How the mighty New Zealand tree-choppers cut me down to size

1 "I can swing an axe with the best of them," writes Dick Honey, friend of Canadian Club. "But in New Zealand they add a few new wrinkles. You climb

a pine tree trunk at top speed, chopping notches to hold tiny wooden steps. Then, 12 feet up, you race to hack through a 10" block before your competitor.



OF 80% GRAIN
OF 80% GRAIN
OF 80% GRAIN
OF 80% GRAIN
OF 80% GRAIN
OF 80% GRAIN
OF 80% GRAIN
OF 80% GRAIN
OF 80% GRAIN
OF 80% GRAIN

2 "Furiously, I chopped notches to hold the narrow steps. I made the chips fly, but my competitor was faster.



3 "I whaled away to overtake him. In desperation, I heaved a five-measured swing—and slipped. Over I went—sprawling to the ground.



4 "Later, at the Putaruru Hotel, my friend gave me some pointers over a drink of his favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club. Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can savor with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner—in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



Canadian Club
"The Best in The House" in 87 lands

The man on the left is wearing our tuxedo. But we think the man on the right looks better.

Just for the record, the white dinner jacket is ours, too.

And, while we're pleased that the gentleman in black chose an After Six tuxedo, we really wish he would break down and get one of our dinner jackets.

It's not that black is wrong for summer. It's just that it's not right.

Besides, a dinner jacket gives you a chance to change your personality every time you change

your cummerbund and tie.

You worship the sun for hours. You work up to a beautiful golden tan. And then—you handsome bronze devil you—you get dressed to kill.

In a black tuxedo?

after
Six
FORMULA

May 15 to Labor Day is the season for the white or colored dinner jacket.
After Six Formula, 22nd & Market Sts., Phila., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, NYC





Now more than ever you need the triple safety circle of General Dual 90*

General Dual 90...the tire with the triple safety circle

① seals punctures while you drive ② gives General Tire's maximum blowout protection ③ dual-tread stopping traction.

Prom time...anytime...you'll be glad you have General Tire's maximum protection against blowouts and punctures...plus dual-tread traction. This tire is made with General's long-mileage Duragen® rubber, reinforced with Nygen® General's own super-strong nylon cord. See your General Tire dealer.

Member Auto Industries Highway Safety Committee



**GENERAL
TIRE**
THE DIVERSIFIED MAJOR

Contents

MAY 23, 1966 Volume 24, No. 21

Cover photograph by Shirley & Louis

26 Boo Made a Boo-boo

When Graustark broke down before the Derby a storm of controversy engulfed his trainer, Boo Gentry

30 It's Not Bad to Be Going Good

And the Giants went for 12 straight, as Manager Herman Franks played his favorite role of Old Grouch

32 Waiting for Mario

After dazzling veteran drivers with supernatural speeds, Mario Andretti was the pole for the Indy 500

34 A Final Win for the Blue

Bob's famous Blue Train triumph after taking its eighth straight world championship of bridge

40 Sam, You Make the Ball Too Small

Fireballing Sam McDowell out with sinister batters out, he confuses them with a wide assortment of theories

48 Emotion in Motion

As athlete himself, Jim Jackson turns his artist's eye on the dramatic and explosive world of track and field

57 Deep in the Heart of Darkest Texas

Hunters are guaranteed African and Indian big game on fenced preserves in the Southwest

82 Gary and his Beloved Country

Gaffer Gary Player makes over \$500,000 a year, but yearns for a quiet life in his native South Africa

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 18 Scorecard | 99 For the Record |
| 69 Track & Field | 100 Baseball's Week |
| 72 Volleyball | 102 19th Hole |
| 74 Boxing | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue a year end, by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611; principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Linen, President; G. W. Brommberg, Treasurer; Bernard Barnes Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.50 a year. Money received anywhere in the world in a year, all other \$10 a year.

Credits on page 99

Next week

THE HEAVYWEIGHT and light heavyweight titles go on the line. From London, Edwin Sreaks on the Clay-Cooper fight and from New York, Toronto-Thorne by Mark Kram.

THE HURRY OF INDY is illustrated in color photographs by Robert Hentzinger, and Barbara La Fontaine paints an intimate word portrait of spectacular young Mario Andretti.

SEARCH AND RESCUE is a game the U.S. Coast Guard plays all year long as boaters look for fun and find trouble in what might be described as seagang hide-and-seek.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sports Illustrated®

Editor-in-Chief: Hedy Doreman
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Hinkell
President: James A. Linn
Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Griffin

Editorial Chairman: Henry B. Lyle
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Larson
Managing Editor: André Lagarde
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnson
Assistant Managing Editor: John Tibby, Roy Tennil
Art Director: Richard Gansel

Senior Editors: Walter Bengtson, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Bravley, Walter Carwell, Ray Cox, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crivello, Roger S. Hewitt, Gerald Holman, Arthur Kane, Hamilton B. Mark, Jack Quinn, Colin Prosser, Kenneth Ryland, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Taz, Wazney Tower, Alfred Wright

Assistant Editors: Glen S. Brown, Bruce Gifford, Frank Gifford, Hester Hesse, Gus Jenkins, Virginia Kraft, William Lupton, Jack Marks, Bob Quinn, Gilbert Rapp, Edna M. Smith, Luc E. Thompson, John Underwood, M. L. Warren, Len Womack

Staff Writers: Duncan Barnes, Tom C. Brady, Alex Higgins, Myron Hymus, Joe James, Mark Kravt, Barbara La Fontaine, John Lawrence, Harold Pearson, Lou Smith, Hugh D. Sola

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR: John M. Smith; Editor: George J. Woodhead; ASSISTANT EDITOR: John Dill, Dorothy Mize; CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS: Lee Belfrage, Jerry Cooke, Louis D'Amico, Walter Jacobs, Jr., Ned Leitz, Richard Mack, Marvin E. Newman, Bob Schatzman, Bruce Seid, Art Shay, Tony Train

Writer-Reporters: Chris, Henry Thompson, Dale Carlsberg, Peggy Dawley, Gay Flood, Pamela Knapp, Patricia Spaul, Maryann Starnes, Paul R. Stewart, Herman Workoff, Nancy Williamson

Reporters: Kim Chaplin, Ann Johnson, Gary Koleschick, John Lamb, Patricia Lee, Rose Mary McQuinn, Mark Nichols, Judy Schwartz, Paula Smith, Sarah Plings, Gary Rothenberg, Lynn Simonson

Special Contributions: Charles Goren (Chess), Carolyn Mitchell (Fencing), John O'Reilly (Hockey), William F. Tatham (Tennis)

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (Manager), William G. Ulrich (Assistant), Francis A. Ulrich (Copy Editor), Geraldine (Copy), Betty Gonsky, Robert Jones, Joe Herman, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Margaret Harris

Art Department: Harvey Galt, Martin Nathan (Assistant Director), William Babinette, Benjamin F. Mulvey, Catherine Senack, Thomas Van der Veld

Editorial Assistant: Ann Lockhart, Theodore Schaefer

Special Correspondents: Chris, Earl Byrnes, James, Eugene McManis, Billingsworth, Bob Cooper, Alexander (Lithuania), Barney Dan, Atlanta, Jim Meyer, Austin (Texas), Jimmy Braxton, Baltimore, Walter Ward, Bruce Knapp, Don Blacketer, Bowling Green, Bob Connelly, Boston, Joe Menahan, Buffalo, Dick Johnson, Carson City (Nev.), Gay Shipley Jr., Charleston (S.C.), Warren Egan (Florida), (N.C.), Ronald Goren, Charlottesville (Va.), Chris Gurnee, Chicago, William Furlong, Cleveland, Jim Schoenberger, Cleveland, Charles Higgins, Columbus (Ohio), Ray Kewen, Dallas, Earl Wink, New York, Denver, Bob Roney, Dan Moore, Bill Ryskind, Detroit, Pete W. Gorman, Greenville (S.C.), Gary Roney, Harrisburg (Pa.), John F. Cowan, Memphis, Tom Karna, Houston, Jack Guffanti, Indianapolis, Bob Bennett, Jacksonville, Bill K. Gorman, New York, New Orleans (La.), Ray Pratt (Fla.), H. E. Guy, Las Vegas (Nev.), George Kang, Lexington (Ky.), Larry Van Housen, Little Rock (Ark.), Gayle Brady, Los Angeles, Jack Tabin, Louisville, Larry Brock, Minneapolis, Charles Gelfinger, Miami, Edwin Pepp, Miami Beach, Oak Garden, Nashville, Mac Van, New Orleans, Peter Fancey, Oklahoma City, Bob Dallas, Gary, Osaka, Helen Lampert, Philadelphia, Gordon Fetter, Phoenix, Leda, Frank Gifford, Pittsburgh, Eddie Berman, Portland (Ore.), John Wiley, Providence, John Bennett, Salt Lake City, George Ferguson, San Antonio, John J. Kelly, San Francisco, San Francisco, Art Rosenbaum, Seattle, Renato Wazney, Seattle (Wash.), Joe Doyle, St. Louis, Bob Morrison, St. Petersburg (Fla.), George Harrison, Stetson (N.Y.), Bud Vander Vort, Tallahassee (Fla.), Bill McGowan, Waco (Texas), Oona Campbell, Washington, D.C., Matt Lee, Winston-Salem (N.C.), Mel Malone

Canada: Montreal, Arthur Singh; Ottawa, George Bruneau; Toronto, Rex MacLeod; Vancouver, Eric Whitehead

Foreign Bureau Chief, Richard M. Cherman; Mexico, John Boyle

Publisher: Gary Vail
Advertising Sales Director: Robert C. Bruckert
Circulation Director: Robert L. Cavan

When SPORTS ILLUSTRATED first began visiting Africa 12 years ago, safaris and simian chest thumpings provided our principal material. It was not until 1963 that we went to Africa to cover a major event in a major sport. That time Jack Olsen returned from Ibadan, Nigeria with a high-spirited account of the mid-dleweight championship fight between Dick Tiger and Gene Fullmer. Olsen also brought back tales of wild airplane rides and a slight case of African fever.

Subsequent trips have been more routine, less feverish. Right now, for example, Senior Editor Ray Cave is making a comprehensive tour of African sports facilities with an eye to future stories. And in this issue, John Underwood—who earlier, in 1965, interviewed Olympic Marathon Champion Abebe Bikila at home in Ethiopia—reports on his recent visit with Gary Player in South Africa.

Underwood is well suited to an examination of a controversial country like South Africa and an intense, dedicated man like Gary Player. John is a Southerner, born and brought up in Florida, and though he is a modernist in most things he is gently but outspokenly aligned with the older virtues. As such, he understands and respects Player, whose little homilies on fitness and Godliness are sometimes misinterpreted. Player's belief in Success through Hard Work was especially appreciated

by Underwood after he saw Player's home courses. Though beautifully kept, the golf courses around Johannesburg have their own Calvinist bent. The path to the green is narrow, if not necessarily straight, and the rough runs to poisonous snakes (none of them proffering apples) and vegetation with a will of its own.

South Africans were eager to talk about South Africa and to hear a visiting American's opinions of it. But to Underwood an air of unreality prevailed—in the country's beauty, in the extreme friendliness of natives both black and white, in the charming, somewhat antique style of living, even in the chatter of disc jockeys, who tell jokes twice—once in Afrikaans and once in English—and laugh both times. "I felt a tremendous undercurrent of vitality," Underwood says, "but also a mood of impermanence, especially in the cities, where locks and guards are everywhere."

Meanwhile, north of the Limpopo, Ray Cave echoed another Underwood impression: "Wherever I've been in Africa I've sensed a great feeling for sport." Uganda has "a stadium complex that will rival any small American city." Kaduna, Nigeria boasts a stadium seating 49,000. Sports Minister W. T. Marshall of post-Nkrumah Ghana flew to Togo to arrange a soccer game the very week that the long-closed border between the countries was reopened. "When ambassadors meet," Marshall said, "only ambassadors know. When soccer teams meet, the people know."

"There is an immense faith in athletics as an instrument of expression," says Underwood, and Cave agrees. Rest assured, that instrument of expression will bring SPORTS ILLUSTRATED back to Africa again and again.



UNDERWOOD AND PLAYER IN SOUTH AFRICA

Gary Vail

SHOPWALK

A Riva motorboat is a status symbol both to its owner and to its builder

Prince Ramon of Monaco has a Riva boat, and so does Gamal Abdel Nasser. President Bourguiba of Tunisia has one, and so do the Sheiks of Kuwait and Qatar, the Shah of Iran and Brigitte Bardot. The Riva boat is, of course, a status symbol—and an expensive one (\$9,250 to \$24,400) at that. But it also is a practical runabout boat, a seagoing Rolls-Royce.

The boat is named for its designer and manufacturer, Carlo Riva, a compactly built, graying Italian with a near-perpetual almost-shy smile and a set of the whitest teeth since Sabu. Riva builds his boats in a highly modern and efficient shipyard in Sarmun, a tranquil fishing village on the shores of Lago d'Iseo in the extreme north of Italy. Riva likes the sound of the prices he pays and the prices he charges. He rolls them on his tongue like a winemaker.

"My fuel tanks," he says, "are made of nonpolluting stainless steel welded with silver—five times more expensive than the standard iron tank. My propeller shafts are made of Mottel—four times more expensive than bronze. My instruments are all made in Germany—three as expensive as anybody else's."

If that doesn't hold you, he adds: "I import my stainless steel from Sweden, my windshield glass from Belgium, my wood screws from England and my engines and outdriving parts from the United States. I use Italian textiles, not because I'm patriotic, but because, like my other materials, they are the best I have been able to find."

Riva's current annual output is only 350 runabouts—a modest total, yet sufficient to keep more than 300 skilled craftsmen and technicians occupied the year round. Production methods are in the American style. From start to finish, each single-engine Riva runabout moves along the line with precision through nine basic positions at an average of two days per position—or a total of 18 days per boat. The time schedule for a twin-engine Riva is exactly double—four days per position, or a total of 36 days. It requires the skills of some 24 craftsmen on the Riva production line—from one to five per position—to construct a boat ready for testing, final varnishing and finishing.

At the eighth position the engine is installed and all wiring connected. At the ninth position, after having received four sprayed coats of varnish, the boat is put into the water. Each runabout is water-tested no less than three times by a team of technicians, no test lasting less than 20 hours.

The first water test is for controlling the action of the engine, checking the number of rpm's, looking for leaks, seeing if the run-

der is balanced. After the test is completed and all necessary adjustments made, the boat is treated to a second four coats of varnish, this time brushed on and hand-rubbed.

The second water test is for checking vibrations and the operation of lamps, navigation lights, fuel gauge, speedometer and other instruments. Afterward, the boat is given a ninth and last coat of varnish, and all finishing touches are provided: the installation of chrome trimmings, cushions and the like. The third and final water test is completed just prior to delivery to the customer.

The Riva industry was begun in 1860 at Sarmun by Ernesto Riva, grandfather of Carlo. The "shipsyard" at that time consisted of a lakefront house, since renovated and today operated as a tourist hotel. The first watercraft produced by Ernesto and his crew of two were rowboats for ferrying people and goods across the lake.

After the founder's death the enterprise was taken over by his son Serafino, whose prime preoccupation was sailboats and, when engines came into use, speedboats. Serafino's son Carlo entered the family business at age 10 and moved upward through a succession of tasks ranging from the most menial to the most exciting.

In time he became chief designer and, for what he terms too long a period, catered to his father's—and the sporting public's—passion for faster and faster boats. In the late 1930s Riva speedboats were continually making international sports headlines.

In 1949 his father retired and left him in charge of the company—seven workers and a yearly production of five boats. With the title of sole proprietor also came that of sole worrier. He came to realize that headlines were heads and recognition was noise.

but you couldn't eat them. The public loved to see and read about superfast boats, but it wouldn't buy them. The reason was obvious: they were delicate, noisy, hard to handle and costly to maintain.

Carlo decided to turn to more practical and remunerative runabouts: Italian engine and parts makers, according to his experience, simply were not geared for or inclined toward anything remotely resembling quantity production. They were customized to the extreme. Riva, on the other hand, was convinced that to achieve the international acceptance he sought he must, without sacrificing quality, build his operation on a foundation of universally serviceable standardized parts.

One of his first decisions was to equip his boats exclusively with the proven, widely accepted American engines he had for so long admired. He established close connections with Chrysler's marine-engine division, whose 290-hp M413D Golden Lion he uses on his higher-powered craft. He also dealt with Chris-Craft, whose 185-hp "238" V-8 engine he uses extensively and for whom he is today exclusive engine and parts distributor in Italy.

continued

THINK ABOUT THIS...



WHY IS "PRIVATE PAIN" IMPOSSIBLE TO TALK ABOUT?

WHY TALK ABOUT IT? Now

you can tame Private Pain quickly and safely with Tranquo, the hospital-type medication for hemorrhoids. Tranquo works effectively to relieve the pain of most types of minor anorectal discomforts, including itching, chafing, internal sores and painful protrusions. Tranquo puts you, "putting power to work in seconds, because it contains 12% dissolved Benzocaine... and is now available for the first time at the drug counter. Among all hemorrhoidal medications only Tranquo has been formulated under an exclusive license with 12% Benzocaine, the superior, popular anesthetic. That's why Tranquo works so quickly and safely to give temporary relief of Private Pain. With Tranquo there's no pain left to talk about.

"PRIVATE PAIN"—The common condition where standing is painful and sitting even worse.

tranquo

THE HOSPITAL-TYPE MEDICATION FOR HEMORRHOIDS

ASK FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE DRUGSTORE



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF SANAE LABORATORIES, NILES, ILLINOIS

**Perfect
combination
for perfect
pictures!**

nikkormat ft
single lens 35mm reflex

The incomparable quality of Nikkor lenses, the exposure accuracy of a thru-the-lens meter system, and the flawless performance of a camera designed and built by Nikon. \$269.50 with 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens. At your Nikon dealer, or write: Nikon Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 11533.

Subsidiary of Ehrenkrantz Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Argolphoto Ltd., Montreal, PQ)



**The New Lidaire Flores Gets
You There The Easy Way!**
IDEAL FOR FISHING AND HUNTING

Light to carry — weighs only 20" x 20" x 20"
Designs only 60 pounds
Easy to use — with over 100 HP out
board, inflates in minutes to 33 ft. 4 in.
boat with 660 lbs. capacity
Easy to store — fits into your car trunk
Can be kept in a cabinet closer to water
Absolutely safe — for independent com-
partment guarantee — "No leaks under
Nylon tubing is virtually indestructible, tough,
oil proof and rock. Only on the market
long time.

Call other phone every about 600 miles
every, always, and everywhere. All you
do in the new Lidaire Flores is

HAVE FUN!

WRITE FOR FREE NEW CATALOG

RABION IMPORTS, INC. Dept. H
708 East Wisconsin Avenue,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202

HONEYMOON
OF SECOND HONEYMOON
Deerpark Lodge
See The Best Of Deer Park Lodge
DEER PARK LODGE
MAN ENJOY ARTS, RECREATION



BRIDGE

According to Webster's, any
of various card games for
four players devised from
whist.

BRIDGE (as you'll find it in SI). A quiz to
check your know-how; tips from Charles
Goren show how to open with one club and stay
out of trouble, how to tell when it's time to
trump your partner's ace; one of the fastest
routes to making a grand slam...

BRIDGE

means more when you follow it in
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SHOPWALK

Five can be purchased with 400 marine engines from Chrysler and 500 from Chrysler. The engine, which is high season, has been in operation 400 to 500 engines in stock. In low season (beginning the middle of August, the figure drops to about 100.) Riva currently also boasts the largest and most diversified stock of spare marine parts in the world (nominally valued at \$300,000).

Once the engines arrive at the Riva shipyard, each is completely disassembled and reassembled with key Riva-specified replacement parts. For example, cast-iron shaft couplings are removed and replaced with rust-resistant nickel-bronze couplings of Riva's own design. The reason for this, he explains, is that after about two seasons' use in salt water the cast-iron part would be in such a tired state that it could not be disassembled. This year Crusier Marine in Warren, Mich. will start turning out engines built to Riva's explicit specifications. Nothing in a Riva motorboat is made of iron or aluminum; almost every metal part is of copper, bronze or stainless steel, down to the springs, screws and bolts.

All Riva motorboats are constructed largely of choice Alaskan mahogany. Interior woodwork is of Honduran mahogany, which is almost as expensive. So-called Philippine mahogany, used by some boat makers to construct an entire craft, is used by Riva only for seat frames. Only about 20% of the wood that arrives at the shipyard is approved for use. The rest is directed to a Riva factory in Monza that produces plywood for fast-curing motorboats. The wood that passes Riva's rigid inspection is washed, steamed and impregnated with a preservative, and then stored away to age for no less than three years.

The ribs of a Riva hull are extremely close-spaced, from eight to a maximum of 10 inches apart. The sides are of single-length triple-planked mahogany from bow to stern, premoiled to avoid seams in construction. There are no vertical joints, and the grain of the wood is so perfectly matched that the seams are all but invisible. This three-layer planking is processed and laminated to be completely waterproof. For his bottoms, Riva uses a nine-layer marine plywood often referred to as "armored planking."

He has franchised 27 Riva service stations, 21 in Italy, four on the French Riviera (of which the one at Monte Carlo has already assumed the status of a prominent landmark) and one each in Switzerland and Holland—equipped with hangars for storage and an extensive stock of spare parts. Altogether, they provide employment for more than 440 workmen and technicians, all of whom were trained and checked out at Sirmio.

And Rex Harrison has one and Stewart Granger has one and

—ROBERT COHENSKY

How come 1 out of 4 graduate engineers in the U.S. is insured by Metropolitan Life?

Engineers are the most practical of people. Their job is to make things work, and work efficiently.

Perhaps that's why so many of them have insurance with Metropolitan Life.

Your Metropolitan adviser works much as an engineer does. He is trained to make insurance work harder for you. With the wide selection of Metropolitan policies, he can build a specific program that fits your individual needs.

For instance, a Metropolitan man can show you how we put your dividends to work buying extra protection for your family. Or how to make insurance do double duty—provide protection for your family *and* provide for your retirement needs.

Ask for a Metropolitan Family Security Check-Up. This is a realistic blueprint of your family's financial security position now, and how it might be improved for the future. There's no obligation...except to those you love.

More choose Metropolitan Life
millions more than any other company





Fuzzy.

On the surface, the Wilson Championship looks like almost any other tennis ball. Yet underneath that fuzzy cover, the Championship delivers the kind of controlled, consistent liveliness that has made it America's most popular tournament tennis ball. Every Wilson Championship ball plays the same and "feels" the same—on any court surface. Slam it and see for yourself.



Fuzzier.

The Wilson Extra Duty Championship is different from other tennis balls because it's fuzzier. Which is the reason why it lasts longer on concrete, asphalt and other hard surface courts. Pick up a can of Extra Duty Championships at your sporting goods store or tennis pro shop and play them in your next game. Chances are you'll wear down before they do.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co. • Chicago
An American Company • U.S. Patent 2,811,000

Dacron®...
a man's
way to
look great,
stay neat

HASPEL wash & wear suits with "Dacron" are born travelers. And, with top styles like this new hopsack of 50% Dacron® polyester, 50% Orlon® acrylic, perfect for business, too. Cool, comfortable, great for holding a press. They can be drycleaned, of course. And most spots wash out easily. All in all, your summer wardrobe isn't complete without at least one. See the tremendous selection, starting at about \$50.00 at your favorite store. Just ask for a Haspel wash & wear suit with "Dacron".

©Du Pont's registered trademark.

©Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes



Better Things for Better Living
... through Chemistry



Argus wouldn't miss this for anything.



Picture-making bunglers, take heart. This camera can't miss. Instant-loading. Just drop in a Kodapak film cartridge and shoot. Electric eye sets the right exposure automatically. For great indoor shots, just pop on a flash cube. Take color slides or prints rich as life, sharpest black-and-whites. What else? You get an unconditional guarantee for one full year against anything. Kids. Dogs. Accidents. Soakings. Anything. #264 Instant-Loading Camera. Less than \$50.

argus



ARGUS AND INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN ARE TRADE MARKS OF ARGUS CO.



and now...the draft?

If you were deferred to finish college and are now a senior or a recent graduate, it's time to start thinking about the Army's alternative to the draft. If you don't, you may spend the next few years in work that doesn't fit into your own future plans.

To the man with a degree in his hip pocket, the United States Army offers the opportunity to work at important levels of responsibility *right now*, not five or ten years after graduation.

How? By guaranteeing your enrollment in Officer Candidate School, if you qualify. You can even apply 135 days before you graduate.

Check with the nearest Army Recruiting Station. Without obligation, you can take the Officer Candidate School test to find out if you qualify.

And for more complete information, talk with your Army Recruiting Sergeant. If that's impractical, mail the coupon below and we'll tell you how to become a leader in today's Action Army.

Army

LEADERSHIP

Fort Monroe, Virginia 23551

Without obligation please send me the new "Army OCS Fact Sheet"

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP NO

PHONE AGE

SCHOOL



Now that you've got your face on...let's go!

For skiing, sailing, or just to hide a morning face: Cool-Ray® Polaroid® Sunglasses. Just a sunny-day accessory? Not any more. It's getting so, you don't feel dressed without them! Great fashion *plus* Polaroid lenses, famous lenses with the optical barrier that stops blinding glare. (Think about that. After all, why not *see* as well as you *look*?) For men, for women, for the US and Canada too. Many styles not shown.

Cool-Ray Polaroid Sunglasses



\$1.98
to \$6.98

Calvert Gin vs. The British Gin Empire



We're David. They're Goliath.

But we've got our slingshot: 100% dryness.

We distill our Calvert over and over again until it's 100% dry. 100% for the American martini. (When we're through, even that last little tweak of sweetness is gone.)

We also use choice botanicals gathered from all over the world. And to get live, crisp flavor, we use fresh, hand-cut lime peel. (As far as we know, no one else does.)

Until Calvert Gin, the biggest reputation in gin belonged to the British. But remember, Goliath had a big reputation too.

Until David came along.

DISTILLED DRY GIN • DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

Do \$7 slacks go with a \$35 cruise parka?



And how when they're Lee-Präst® Contro IV's.

The price tag says \$7. But the look, the fit, and the tailoring say a whole lot more. Lee-Präst Leesures have a quality that's right at home with a \$35 parka. And now they have a permanent press that makes ironing a thing of the past. Shown, Lee-Präst Contro IV's in Sail Ply fabric, a luxurious blend of 50% Fortrel® polyester/50% combed cotton. In Beach Blue, Beach Green, Black. Other fine Leesures from \$5 to \$8.

LEE-PRÄST® Leesures® KODAKTOP®

© 1987 Lee Company, Inc., Kansas City, Mo. 64112. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

BOOKTALK

The old Army game of baseball was a great leveler of officers and men

The recollections of Colonel Russell Reeder in *Born at Reville* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$5.95) begin in 1909 at Fort Worden, a small post on the north end of the Olympic Peninsula, commanding the entrance to Puget Sound. In the center of the parade ground there was a baseball diamond, and such is the author's enthusiasm for the ballplayers among the enlisted men that he soon convinces the reader that the baseball field was the strongest part of the fort's defense. This may well have been the case. In those days the line between officers and enlisted men was so tightly drawn that a sergeant had to get the company commander's permission before he could marry. The baseball field was not only the common meeting ground in the fort, it was the only place where people could be themselves, regardless of rank.

The first commander was Whistler's cousin, who was almost as unforgettable as Whistler's mother. Whistler's cousin was Lieut. Colonel G. N. Whistler, a thin, precise man, magnificent in his blue uniform, who loved the Fort Worden baseball team. Because he had 43 years in the service Colonel Whistler was allowed to wear his hair long, flowing over his stand-up collar in an outmoded Buffalo Bill cut. Once when the team was getting a raw deal from a visiting umpire Whistler left his seat, walked deliberately to home plate and there, with his long locks streaming in the wind, delivered a powerful oration expressing his dissatisfaction with the way balls and strikes were being called, after which he emphasized his disapproval by stalking from the field. The umpire, staring after him in awe, asked the catcher, "Who was that?" On being told that it was the company commander he sighed with relief. "I thought he was a major prophet from the Old Testament," he said. About half of *Born at Reville* consists of similar episodes drawn from the point of dramatic contact where the old Army met the modern world. The episodes are gonimannered, casual, often funny, occasionally moving, generally short and deceptively simple: subtle points made with deliberate, lucid roughness.

The second half of the book, dealing with World War II, ranges so far, over so many fronts, that one wishes the author had made a separate book of it. The historic occasions and the public figures have a different sort of interest. The original contribution of *Born at Reville* is unique—an effortless, unpretentious autobiographical report of the way sport influenced the old military world that had grown perilously remote from the common life of the country.

—ROBERT CANTWELL

We didn't invent the golf club, but we did invent the swing-weight principle of golf club design, imitated by every major manufacturer in the game today.

30 years ago, every iron and every wood had a different feel, which resulted in a different swing, because of their different weights and lengths. Then First Flight engineers went to work and changed all that.

They knew that on the fairway it doesn't help your game much to have to adjust your swing from a 3 iron to a different-feeling 7 iron. So they set out

to develop a way of letting a golfer find his best basic groove, and swing in that groove consistently. With every iron. With every wood. After all, they reasoned, if you have one basic groove, you're likelier to have the confidence it takes to play the one basic game you're looking for: a great one.

They built clubs that balance out the same on the little scale shown here



It's a swing-weight scale. It measures the balance of a club in a swinging arc. And on this scale, all the clubs in a set of First Flight irons or woods have to check out according to the swing-weight your style calls for (your pro can tell you that).

If any custom made First Flight club shows an unbalance so much as the

weight of a dollar bill, the pro will send it back to the factory. That's how accurate we make them. That's our deal. So when you swing a swing-weighted First Flight wood, a 4 let's say, it'll have the very same feel as teeing off with your driver. Then if you top one, or slice or hook one into the trees, that's your problem. But as far as our engineers can help you develop a consistent grooved swing, they have.

What more can a man ask for in the way of equipment to control his game? He can ask for a steel-center First Flight ball which will bore a little farther than an ordinary ball, as we'll explain in a later issue of this publication.

First Flight

Chattanooga, Tennessee.
Custom built woods and irons, steel-center golf balls, and Hot-Z golf bags.
At pro shops only.





THE PERFORMANCE SHOE



FLORSHEIM

Start walking and all your weight pounds your shoes to the pavement —testing workmanship and materials with every flex, bend, strain, press, and stretch. No place for promises! Performance depends strictly on how well your shoes are made. Florsheim Quality means extra performance built into every pair with a leader's know-how and determination. Result? Better fit, better looks, longer wear that lowers your cost. Proof? The best man wins —and more men wear Florsheim Shoes than all other quality makes combined. Join us in the winner's circle.

Illustrated: The Mustang, in black calf.

Men's styles \$19.95 to \$27.95 / Men's Imperial styles \$36.95



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 90656 • MAKERS OF FINE TOEGET FOR MEN AND WOMEN • A BOLLING BROOKLYN-OWNED COMPANY

The \$75 Tire

If it only saves your life once, it's a bargain.

It would cost you \$300 to buy 4 of our Royal Master size 8.25-14 tires.

And that's with your old tires, no less.

You'd have to be insane to spend that kind of money.

Be insane. It could pay off some day.

The day you hit a pothole at 70 miles an hour.

The day you sweep around a tricky, rain-slicked curve.

The day it's 90 degrees in the shade and you have to go 600 miles in a hurry.

The day you pick up a nail and it's three in the morning.

Still and all, \$75 is a lot of money for a tire.

And we'd be pricing ourselves right off the market if it wasn't worth it.

But for that \$75, you're getting more hand labor than you would think anybody puts into a tire.

Hand labor performed by men who've been building tires for an average of 19 years.

You're getting a brute of a carcass that's so strong, you can practically forget about blowouts.

You're getting a special red liner that grips any sharp object you pick up and helps block off the air leakage.

And you're getting two special traction bars that we mold into the tread to wipe slippery, slithering roads dry.

Of course, after 30-40-50,000 miles you may look at your old \$75 tires and wonder if you really needed them.

The only way you can ever know for sure is to need them. And not have them.

Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly.



UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER

THE NEW U.S. ROYAL MASTER



Bitter moment. Billy discovers Schweppes Bitter Lemon - but he's too young to enjoy it.

**"Don't fret, Billy," comforts Commander Whitehead.
 "Bitter Lemon will grow on you.
 After all, Schweppes did invent it for grown-ups."**

"SCHWEPES BITTER LEMON," emphasizes the President of Schweppes (U.S.A.) Ltd. "is the only soft drink children don't like.

"It doesn't taste sweet. You don't sip it through a straw. You drink it straight, on the rocks, or as a mixer.

"Schweppes created Bitter Lemon

as an *adult* soft drink," continues the Commander. "It's made from whole, fresh lemons, juice, pulp, peel, everything. Hence the tart, lemony taste. Clearly you can ask for it in public without feeling like a third-grader."

Bitter Lemon is a versatile mixer too. Add it to gin, vodka, rum. You

name it. (You'd expect Schweppes to mix well with almost anything. After all, Jacob Schweppes *did* start the whole mixer business back in 1794.)

One last thought. Your children may insist on trying Bitter Lemon. By all means let them. Some children grow up before others.



**There it is. 100 m.p.h. capability.
\$100 worth of 'extras.'
Priced under \$2500. Try and beat it.**

Friendly warning before you try: Chrysler's new Sunbeam Alpine V has another plus—our 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty.*



Fact is, nobody beats Alpine
V for features and worth.

Sure, you can buy a sports car priced under \$2458 † But not with 100 m.p.h. capability.

Sure, you can buy a higher top speed and a 0 to 60 less than 12.8 seconds. But not under \$25,000.



And no sports car at any price gives you a 5-year/50,000-mile warranty on the engine and drive train, unless it comes from Chrysler Motors Corporation.

Another thing Prices of those other cars probably

don't include a two-speed heater/defroster. Drawn-

Alpine steering is crisp—3.3 turns lock-to-lock. The

drunks and hard to work tops! \$2500 never bought so much sports car before. And for hard and fast proof of that, go see your Sunbeam dealer. He's got the keys to the car that'll back it up.



shield washers and two speed wipers. A console Power assisted, self-adjusting brakes. And a telescoping steering wheel.

Alpine's base price does include them—and more.

New muscle

There's a new 1725 cc engine good for 100 hp. Plus a slicker 4-speed gearbox behind a very quick clutch.



wheels are unusually wide-set, so stability on turns is fantastic. And the ride is remarkably easy.

Inside are more things you'll like. A beautifully instrumented dash. Padded and pleated vinyl buckets that adjust 4 ways. And recline, too. Footwell ventilation. And pedals that are adjustable to your leg reach.

Alpine über Alles

You'll find we've conquered all the sports car bug-
aboos—even fog-small **CH**

[illegible]

FIVE's supported retail in CO, East Coast
 F.O.B., 100lb and 1000lb tanks, drummen
 (Chicago and outside) • 100lb offering includes
 in our 500lb Coast delivery light

ROOTS
PSYLER'S SUNBEAM

ROOTES DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

SCORECARD

TIME FOR SEVERITY

Last week in Vancouver, B.C., Seattle Pitcher Jim Coates threw one high and tight and struck Ricardo Joseph of Vancouver on the shoulder. Joseph charged the mound, but before he could get to Coates, he was tackled from behind and had his chin bloodied by Seattle Catcher Merritt Ranew. The ensuing free-for-all finally subsided, but then Vancouver's Tommy Reynolds bunted up the first base line, forcing Coates to field the ball and tried to run the pitcher down. Again Ranew raced to the aid of Coates. Vancouver's Santiago Rosario dashed from the un-deck circle and hit Ranew over the head with his bat, opening up a deep three-inch gash. There is internal bleeding in the brain, and the left side of Ranew's face is paralyzed.

This was the third attack with a bat that professional baseball has produced in nine months. For hitting Los Angeles' John Roseboro over the head last August, San Francisco's Juan Marichal received a nine-day suspension and a \$1,750 fine. The comparative mildness of the punishment was condoned because 1) Marichal's team was deeply involved in the pennant race and 2) it was the first such incident in major league baseball, and there was no precedent for punitive action. But a warning should have come immediately from the Commissioner that future attacks would bring drastic punishment. None was sounded. Two weeks later Cleveland's Pedro Gonzales swung his bat at Detroit's Larry Sherry; Gonzales was fined \$500 and suspended for 13 days.

In the Vancouver case Pacific Coast League President Dowey Soriano acted with commendable vigor and proper severity. He fined the lesser culprits in the incident, fined Rosario, too, and then suspended him for the remainder of the season. Soriano said, "Using a bat on a player is not part of baseball."

Soriano is right. And we recommend strongly that Commissioner Eckert step in where his predecessor failed to do so

and say flatly that the next man who tries to hit an opponent with a bat will be expelled from organized baseball for life.

SPORTING MONEY

The Bahamas government is changing its currency next week from pounds and shillings to dollars and cents, and the new notes and coins contain some of the most attractive sports and outdoor scenes you ever spent. The reverse side of the British colony's dime shows two bonefish. The \$1 bill presents an undersea world in full color. There is no \$2 bill, but the big silver \$2 coin shows two flamingos against the setting sun. There is, however, a \$3 bill (phony no more, sir), showing a crescent-shaped beach. The \$100 note is the gem in this financial art gallery. It shows a leaping white marlin, a blue sea with a fishing boat in the background.

Says Sir Stafford Sands, Minister for Finance: "Surely, when 90% of our tourists come from North America . . . the term dollar is the only one that is sensible for us to adopt."

LONG GRAY SEARCH

After six weeks of searching for a football coach to replace Paul Dietzel, Army finally turned to its plebe coach, Tom Cahill, to fill the position. West Point was embarrassed when Dietzel moved on to South Carolina only days before spring practice began. Cahill is a nice man, but his promotion underlines the fact that the head coaching job at Army ain't what it used to be.

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

One of several possible reasons for crossing Lake Erie is to have a farewell party on leaving Erie, Pa. "You know how these farewells get," said Art Oehme, a Cleveland laundry operator, who set out for home with his wife and 15-year-old nephew in his 27-foot Chris Craft. "People were seeing us off, and I forgot to get gas."

Discovering the shortage a few miles out, he thought he might make it to Conneaut, Ohio, but a 35-mph wind blew up, and within sight of Conneaut Harbor the engines died. The Coast Guard was too far away to be of assistance.

But, wh! In the liquor cabinet Oehme's wife found the better part of two bottles of Scotch and a fifth of bourbon. Pouring these into the port tanks, Oehme started the engine. They made it a quarter of a mile inside Conneaut Harbor before the engine died. A soupcon of vodka took them within 200 feet of shore. Desperate, Oehme and his wife combed the bulkheads and cabinets in the teeth of the storm and found a little vermouth. Figuring the vermouth might not mix with the liquor he had poured into the port tanks, Oehme emptied it into the starboard tanks. "That engine came right to life," he said. It ran just long enough to get them to shore.

"If you've got to use it," Oehme concluded, "I think a good grade of Scotch or maybe Canadian whisky is best."

BEWARE THE RAMBLERS!

Now that spring has come, the British Ramblers' Association is marching into combat again. Just the other day, 300 Ramblers gathered in Millington Pastures in the East Riding of Yorkshire for a little stroll. And as they strolled, they cut farmers' fences, put stock to rout



and trampled such crops as were in their way—all to preserve the sanctity of the British footpath.

Organized in 1905, the Ramblers are the storm troopers of the older Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Pres-

continued

ENJOY MORE OF THE THINGS
YOU ENJOY WITH A BEECHCRAFT

MUSKETEER III



SPORT 10



SUPER 32



CYNOSUR 31

The happy airplane for fun-loving people

40 flying hours from now, you and your family could be flying a Beechcraft Musketeer III to your favorite recreation area.

Who'll be the pilot? You. Or your wife. Or one of your kids. Or all of you could be taking turns. Flying a Musketeer III is that simple for any average person, even those with eyeglasses.

Consider the fact that 370,000 men, women and teenagers hold pilot's licenses in the United States today. Many of them fly Beechcraft Musketeers because of their economy, unassuming dependability and unusual comfort.

Your own Beechcraft Musketeer III! This is the exciting, thrilling — and surprisingly economical — way to bring the playgrounds of America close to home. No longer are the ski slopes and seashores just too far for a pleasure-packed weekend.

Business is a pleasure, too, in a Musketeer III. Musketeers provide the increased mobility you need to broaden your sales horizons, give faster and better service, get more done and still spend extra time at home.

Musketeers come in 3 styles to suit your pocketbook and family group. Look them over at your nearby Beechcraft dealer's and get ready for freedom. It's wonderful!



FREE BOOKLET: "The Quality 3." Your copy is ready to mail on receipt of your name and address. Write Beech Aircraft Corp., Marketing Services, 9759 E. Central, Wichita, Kansas 67201.

Fix us with...

Epoxybond

ADHESIVE PUTTY

A moldable epoxy. Will adhere to most surfaces. For repairs in the home, on automobiles, marine and sporting equipment. Will not sag, run or drip.



AT YOUR DEALER



MINERALS AND CHEMICALS DIV.
THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
MERTZTOWN, PA. • 19339

SCORECARD

ervation Society. When they campaign for national parks and footpaths and a tightening of public rights-of-way laws, which they do incessantly, the Ramblers can muster 15,000 members and a reserve force of 40,000 belonging to 360 affiliated Rambler clubs. When they march, woe betide the farmer who impedes them.

In command is 74-year-old Tom Stephenson, a walker and climber all his life, whose greatest triumph is the Pennine Way, a sort of mini-Appalachian Trail that stretches 250 miles from E-dale in Derbyshire to Kirk-Yetholm over the Scottish border. Stephenson suggested the walkway in a 1935 newspaper article, and when a survey showed that 70 miles of footpaths could be added to 180 miles established, there was no stopping him. The path was completed last year, and 2,000 people gathered on Mallian Moor to celebrate.

Such victories have not softened the Ramblers. Currently, Stephenson finds the labor government weak on footpaths, and when Tim's annoyed, the wire cutters go snap, snap, snap.

AMOR VINCI ALBUQUERQUE

Irked at the cost of a rising number of out-of-state conferences that city employees were attending, Albuquerque voters recently elected a new commission, which in turn fired the city manager. As part of a shakeup in people and policies, G. B. Robertson, acting city manager, issued a ban on all interstate travel at city expense.

He had to make an exception almost immediately, however, because the city zoo wants to send two female zebras to the zoo at Colorado Springs, Colo. for a 60-day conference with a male zebra.

LONGEN'S FIRST

Johnny Longden, after 40 years as a jockey, made his debut last week as a trainer. It was at Hollywood Park, and he saddled a little-known Argentinian horse named Attention III in the seventh race run at a male-and-a-sixteenth. Longden was nervous. So was Attention III. Surrounded by photographers and sweating in civilian clothes, Longden said he would rather be in silks, and added, "I got the horse ready. Now it's up to him." Attention III kicked at him but missed. "He's allergic to shadows," Longden explained to the jockey. "Watch him if you see any. He jumps

real high. . . . Don't worry about his acting up. He'll be all right on the track."

The jockey, whose name is William Shoemaker, smiled understandingly and saluted Longden with a flick of his whip. He broke Attention III on top, but settled to third at the first turn. At the quarter pole Attention III passed Current Speech. Then he began a duel with Carpenter's Rule that went right down to the wire, Attention III winning by a head and paying \$4.60. Johnny Longden was in a glow of triumphant understanding. The man who had booted home 6,032 winners, more than anyone ever, now had his first winner ridden for him by someone else. "I couldn't have done it better myself," he cracked. "It's great to be at this end," he added, as if a light had flashed. "I'm going to like it."

FINE FAST FILM

"If I were not a moviemaker," says France's Claude Lelouch, "I'd be a racing driver." Lelouch is the brilliant new New Wave director whose film *Un homme et une femme*, about a test driver, has won the admiration and enthusiasm of the Cannes Film Festival. It took the 28-year-old Lelouch exactly 28 days to shoot the film. Much of the footage he took with a hand camera while lying attached to the hood of a Ford Mustang traveling at 60 to 80 mph on the perilous roads of the Monte Carlo Rally. About half the film takes place in the front seat of a Mustang, and after seeing the picture, automobile-loving French youth are going to be Mustang-mad.

Lelouch has been making movies ever since he bought a secondhand camera in the Paris Flea Market when he was 14. In the last decade he has produced six full-length films and a remarkable color short on the Tour de France bicycle race.

"I'm crazy about all sports," he says. "I've competed in four or five rallies, and I'm planning to make a picture about boxing soon in the United States."

For *Un homme et une femme* he wrote the scenario, directed and personally did the camera work. Although it was the official French entry, few of the two thousand critics and movie moguls at the Cannes Festival had ever heard of Lelouch. But for the first and only time during this year's 20th anniversary festival, they applauded during the film and gave it an ovation afterward. The photography, mixing color and black and white, is stunning; the dialogue genuine and there is a love story, beau-

continued

HAND CRAFTSMANSHIP

THE EXTRA CARE THAT MAKES THE QUALITY DIFFERENCE IN ZENITH PORTABLE TV



Zenith portable TV's are built with the pride and skill of the craftsman. Every connection in the Zenith chassis is carefully hand wired. There are no printed circuits. No production shortcuts. It's extra care like this that gives Zenith TV its finer performance, greater operating dependability, and a sharper, clearer picture year after year. Every Zenith 19**

portable gives you 20,000 volts of picture power—for superior picture brightness, detail and contrast. See Zenith's complete line of 1966 Handcrafted Portables—in all popular screen sizes—at your Zenith dealer's now. Zenith, where the quality goes in before the name goes on®.

**Overall diag. meas., 17 1/2" sq. in. incl. picture area

ZENITH

® BUILT BETTER BECAUSE OF ITS HANDCRAFTED



If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

SCORECARD *continued*

tifully told. One critic praised Lelouch for "making music out of motors and the sound of tires on icy roads."

If the 13 judges share the mind of the visiting critics, Sports Lover Claude Lelouch this week will win the festival's Golden Palm hands down.

GETTING BIGGER

If you are a million or so wrong in your guess as to how many people go to track meets, watch automobile races or attend wrestling matches, do not worry about it, just guess large. Nobody knows the exact totals. The 19th annual Survey on Sports Attendance just released by *The Morning Telegraph* reveals that the 1965 attendance at automobile races was 39,000,000, up 1,000,000 from 1964, but adds a note of caution: "Estimated. Exact figures not available." Wrestling crowds in 1965 were estimated at 4,767,000. That meant an estimated increase of exactly 653,938 customers at wrestling matches.

Exact figures, of course, are available from the baseball leagues, the state racing commissions, the professional football leagues and college athletic associations, and they provide ample documentation that crowds in general are getting bigger. Thoroughbred racing attendance still leads all other listed sports (40,737,009), though there was a decline in 1965 of 90,863. All other totals were up, except minor league baseball, where the total attendance in 18 leagues came to 10,193,819 or 120,004 less than the 1964 total.

THEY SAID IT

- Jim Lefebvre, Dodger infielder, after hitting a home run from each side of the plate in a game against Cincinnati: "I was feeling pretty good about it until somebody told me if I do it nine more times, I'll tie Mickey Mantle."
- Joe Louis, asked why he has not been more active in the civil rights movement: "Some people do it by shouting, some march, some give lots of money. I do it my way—behaving. All ways help."
- Murray Warmath, Minnesota football coach, on the evenness of competition on his squad following a 20-20 tie in the spring game: "When you have two even teams, it usually means you have two second teams, no first team."
- "Champagne" Tony Lema, winless in eight months: "It's been a long time between corks."

END



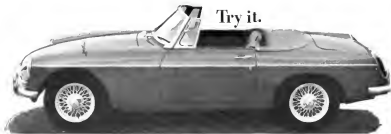
The MGB makes driving an exciting sport.



**Like skiing.
Sky diving.
Surfing.**



Try it.



But, you may ask, how can a car—any car make driving an exciting sport? The MGB is not just any car. It is a sporting/racing/road machine. Designed by some of the best brains in the business to get you from point A to point B with as much agility as possible. As safe as possible. (The same features that recommend the B for competition recommend it for hustling to the supermarket or catching the eight-o-five.) Consider the MGB's 1.8 liter engine. It won't

give you the belt-in-the-head acceleration that much of today's iron will give you. *The MGB is not a traffic light dragster.* But it will give you a steady 70 for hours on end and an honest top speed of 105. With judicious use of the four-speed stick and a light foot, you can average 28-miles-to-the-gallon. Just seeing how many miles you can eke out of a gallon is fascinating sport in itself. Curves hold no terror for you and the MGB. The B sports an extraordinary racing suspension. Tough. Hard.

Not much for coddling. But great for flat-footing it around bends. And over ruts. And on slick roadways. You steer the MGB by direct rack and pinion. Just three turns from lock to lock. Very quick. Very precise. Very important in a pinch. To stop the MGB, a touch of the disc brakes. No fade. Noswerve. Nosweat. They even adjust themselves. Want to see how much excitement you can get for \$2607**? Drive the MGB. There's one waiting for you at your MG/Austin-Healey dealer now. Try it on for size.



Spalding gives you the professional edge.



"Oh, oh, I've been hooked.
Heading right for the rough, too.
Tough break. He drove me at least 250
Anyhow he won't lose me
I stay so white, he'll spot me easy.
But wait till he tries to dig me out of this jungle—
he'll have to use a 7 shovel."



One reason you can trust a computer alone on the phone is that Western Electric is part of the Bell System.

Your last paycheck may have been figured out by a computer a thousand miles away. Your new TV set, or spare part for your car may have reached you a week early because computers coordinated production schedules in widely separated warehouses and factories.

It's happening more and more every day. Facts and figures are going by phone, directly to, from, and between computers. "Data communications" is, in fact, causing a major revolution in American business.

And Western Electric is helping to make it possible. One way is by making the DATA-PHONE data sets that link computers (and other

business machines) to the regular lines of the Bell telephone network.

But even more to the point is that network itself. The relays and switches, the wire, cable and microwave equipment that has to carry the data. The problem is that data is transmitted as a series of electrical impulses—some as fast as 15,000,000 per minute—and if any of those impulses get lost, there may be trouble.

So the entire network, with all its billions of complex parts, must work smoothly and reliably every minute of every day.

It's our job to help make sure it does. By building unmatched reliability into every part we make, and

into every installation we build for the Bell telephone companies.

And we do it because such reliability is as important to Western Electric as it is to your Bell telephone company. We're on the same Bell System team. We have been since 1882, working together with the same purpose: to keep bringing you the world's finest telephone service at low cost.



Western Electric

MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



BOO MADE A BOO-BOO

When Graustark, the heaviest Kentucky Derby favorite in years, broke down before the race, a storm of censure broke about the head of his trainer, Boo Gentry (right). The racing writer of the 'New York Herald Tribune,' who was a witness to most of the events in the unfolding drama, here sheds startling light on the controversy

by PETE AXTHEIM



His fast racing stride—in the Blue Grass Stakes—leaves Graustark a nose back of Abe's Hope at the wire



Graustark stood on a patch of burnt grass outside his stall at Hialeah, turning his head to gaze at the group of admirers that always seemed to gather around him. John Nazareth, an exercise boy, tugged at a leather shank to keep the horse standing still. Two groomers stood alongside Graustark stroking him over and over with soft brushes until his deep chestnut coat shone like polished copper in the sunlight.

John W. Galbreath, the enormously successful industrialist who has spent millions to build up his Darby Dan Farm operations, leaned against a railing and studied the colt that was the pride of his stable. He turned to a friend and sighed, "Doesn't he look just magnificent?"

Graustark certainly did look good on

the bright morning of February 1 at Hialeah. He had looked almost as impressive a year earlier when Loyd (Boo) Gentry, then the second-string trainer for Darby Dan, sent him out for his first fast workout over the track in St. Lucie, Fla.

But on May 7, 1966, the afternoon of the 92nd Kentucky Derby, Graustark did not look good at all. On what should have been the most rewarding day of his life, the colt was standing in a stall in the Churchill Downs stable area, holding his left front foot slightly off the floor, because it hurt when he tried to put his weight on it. He was scheduled to be shipped from Louisville to Galbreath's farm in Lexington, Ky., but he was still too lame to move. There was a broken bone in his foot.

Graustark had been reduced from a

continued

potential champion to a struggling cripple. He had been drifted hard and often under all kinds of conditions. And 10 days before the Derby, he had been the odds-on favorite. Yet on Derby Day, before the year's classic races had even begun, Graustark's career had ended.

As Graustark progressed from 2-to 3-year-old status, talk about his impeccable breeding, grand appearance and brilliant speed was superseded by a different line of comment. The horse was near-perfect, other experts agreed, but the men around him were something less. He became the subject of hot though private controversy. Part of it involved his grueling training program; part of it the way he was handled after two injuries. There was not much room for debate about a third, which he suffered in the Blue Grass Stakes before the Derby. It finished him.

Graustark is a son of Ribot, the unbeaten European champion, out of Flower Bowl, a classless-winning mare who also produced the champion filly Bowl of Flowers. He has bloodlines that few Thoroughbred horses can match. And for the first seven races of his career, he had speed that none of his opponents could approach.

He retires as just another well-bred horse who never got a chance to fulfill his promise. He has a record of seven wins and only one narrow defeat—suffered in a race run while his foot was injured. But it is a record that, unfortunately, includes only two stakes victories, and it shows no victories in a race longer than seven-eighths of a mile.

It is fashionable to blame such misfortune on modern racing economics, which encourages the overbreeding of young horses on hard, fast tracks. But Graustark wasn't overbred, although many feel he was overtrained. And the hard slippery track, at Keeneland, on which he suffered his last two injuries could have been avoided if his trainer and owner had so desired. (Said John Galbreath at the time: "We have to go in a mile-and-a-furlong race to test him, and it is now or never.")

When the chestnut colt was foaled at the Darby Dan farm in the spring of 1963, the Galbreath racing enterprises were at a peak of success. Chateaugay won the Derby and the Belmont Stakes that spring. Primonetta and Bramalea had been leading fillies of the previous

season. Galbreath's astute judgment and huge investments (he paid \$1,350,000 in 1959 to lease the stallion Ribot for five years) were being rewarded.

Jim Conway, a leading trainer for several large stables over the last twenty years, was training the Darby Dan horses. Olin Gentry, a veteran Kentucky horseman, managed the farm. Both men were widely respected in the business, though neither happened to have too much respect for the other. "Farm managers," Conway has said, "love to criticize the men on the racetrack. But if they were really so good, wouldn't they be here where the big money is?"

Olin Gentry had done well enough on the farm, 1 or 24 years he had managed Idle Hour for Colonel E. R. Bradley. He joined Galbreath in 1946, left him in 1949 to manage Mrs. Ada L. Rice's farm and returned to Galbreath in 1956. He had shown a good eye for a horse and ample ability to run a successful farm operation. He also held the traditional farm manager's disdain for trainers.

Even so, in the midst of plenty, Gentry and Conway managed a peaceful and very profitable coexistence. But when Darby Dan fortunes tailed off during the next two years, relations were strained. Graustark, who might have initiated a whole new era of success, was placed squarely in the center of a touchy situation.

The chestnut quickly established himself as the most precocious of the new two-year-olds at the St. Luke training center in early 1965. Under the care of Boo Gentry, Olin's 41-year-old nephew, he breezed a quarter mile in 23 seconds in early February. "But when I went down there to inspect the new two-year-olds," Conway said, "they never showed me Graustark."

Boo Gentry was sent to Chicago with a smaller string of horses—including Graustark. In July Conway began reading about the colt's remarkably fast workouts. A month later Graustark had won two races, and he was being hailed the most exciting colt to arrive in years. Conway listened to the talk and said nothing. Then on August 18 he resigned.

There were no secrets kept from Jim that I know of," says John Galbreath. "We told him at the beginning of the year that we had too many young horses to race in one place. So we sent Boo to Chicago with some of them. We didn't

know anything special about Graustark. At least I didn't."

Because of his breeding and early speed, Conway felt that the Gentrys had known something special about Graustark. When Galbreath himself tried to correct the situation, Conway remained firm. "Mr. Galbreath was very good about it," said Conway. "He even talked about sending Graustark to me. But I don't want to force a man to do something for me. We've had a pleasant association, but now I think it's best to end it."

Galbreath and Conway parted on good terms, and each must retain respect and liking for the other. But the end of Conway's six-year tenure at Darby Dan marked the beginning of the most trying year of Boo Gentry's life.

Gentry is a big, boyish-looking man who was nicknamed "Boo" by a groom many years ago. He is a capable horseman, but he is shy and extremely nervous. He talks rapidly in short sentences, frequently asking, "You understand, don't you?" Around the barn, he paces constantly chewing gum and jabbing sticks of straw in and out of his mouth. He grew up near horses and learned from his uncle, Olin, and his late father, who also was a trainer. He proved his own ability in the last two years when he developed such good colts as Umbrella Tella and Royal Gunner for Owner Michael Ford. But Boo Gentry has always been at his best with smaller stables. He left a job with Capt. Harry Guggenheim's large Cam Hoy Stable after two years, saying, "I prefer a smaller outfit where there is less pressure."

And last fall, Boo suddenly found himself under the most intense pressure that racing can produce. He was left with a powerful array of Darby Dan horses—including one of the early favorites for the Kentucky Derby.

Graustark hurt his shins when he won the Arch Ward Stakes for Boo at Arlington Park on August 6 last year. This is a fairly routine ailment for young horses, and Gentry gave him ample time to recover. In December he resumed training the colt in Florida with the Kentucky Derby as his main objective.

The months that followed were a brutal test of both the horse and the trainer. Graustark seldom got a breather. Most horses are trained by combinations of a few fast workouts, some gallops at vary-



In happier days of 1963 John Galtbreath (left) and Jim Conway discuss Chateaugay's Derby victory.

ing speeds and some days of merely walking around the barn. As people awaited the debut of his heralded colt, Gentry stepped up the schedule of workouts and all but eliminated the rest periods.

When Graustark came out for his first start at Hialeah on January 18, a clocker reported that he had worked or galloped on the racetrack for 45 mornings straight. He was as finely trained as a horse can be for this unimportant race, and he won by five lengths. After the race Gentry obviously was sensitive to the criticism he had been receiving. "He needed those fast works to get in shape," Boo said. "Now we're off on the right foot. I can relax with him."

But he never did relax. The most seasoned trainers have been shaken by the pressures of the arduous pre-Derby period. The excitable Gentry became increasingly distraught. He stormed away when someone attempted to check a rumor that the colt was hurt. He avoided questions and snapped, "I can't tell you any plans. I'm taking this day to day."

Day to day Graustark worked faster and harder. On February 2 he won the

Bahamas Stakes (at seven furlongs), beating a fast sprinter named Impressive with consummate ease. The workouts continued. Four days before his next scheduled race, in a final work on a rainy Saturday morning, Graustark suffered a severe bruise to his left hind heel. Galtbreath announced that the colt would not race again until the Keeneland meeting in April.

Graustark's Florida campaign had caused a lot of talk but it had not necessarily been disastrous. Gentry's methods were unusual, but they could have been right for the horse. "The good ones," pointed out Elbert Burch, who trained good ones named Sword Dancer and Quadrangle, "can take a lot of training."

Graustark had to take a lot more training when he got to Kentucky. As the date for the Derby approached Gentry demanded more and more of his colt. Graustark won two allowance races at Keeneland and was made the even-money favorite for the Derby. He still hadn't run a distance or beaten a top horse, but he was proclaimed The Big G, the best colt of recent years. His running action

was compared to Count Fleet's. His stride was measured by exotic and dubious methods and found to be just short of Man O' War's.

At the height of all the praise someone noticed that Graustark wore the same size shoe as Citation. "That's very significant," said Bill Collins, a leading New York blacksmith. "They both wear a size 5. Of course, 40", of all horses wear that size. It's the most common hoof size there is."

While people marveled at this kind of trivia, few seemed to notice that Graustark was still running with a bar shoe on the hoof he injured in Florida. A bar shoe is used as a precautionary measure for sore-footed horses. Very few champions have worn one long, and few horses can run with a bar shoe on a sloppy track.

A week before the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, Blacksmith Pat Hillock was called in to reshoe Graustark. There was some discussion about the weight of the bar shoe, but it finally was nailed in place, and Gentry and Owner Galbreath hoped for dry weather.

Unfortunately, the track was sloppy the day before the Blue Grass. Gentry ignored the condition, since the decision had been made to enter Graustark in the race. He sent the colt out for a three-eighths-of-a-mile work. "If this was a cheap horse," Gentry repeated several times during this period, "I'd treat him different. But he's so great, he has to get special treatment."

Trainers of cheaper horses winced at the remark. "That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," said Phil Johnson, whose string of cheap claimers earned over \$250,000 last year. "If I ever treated my horses the way that guy is treating Graustark, I'd lose all my owners in a week."

Other horsemen shared Johnson's feelings, and the training of Graustark continued to be the major topic of conversation in stables everywhere. "It's a shame," said Lucien Lammie, "to see what happened to him. All of us make bad decisions. But the one thing you've got to have when you train a good horse is patience."

"You've got to understand Boo's position," insisted Galbreath. "There wasn't an hour of the day that somebody didn't have some angle to bother him with. I'm not trying to make excuses for

continued on page 10

IT'S NOT BAD TO BE GOING GOOD

Hitting is its muscle, pitching is its blood, but there is more than that to the anatomy of a winning streak. The tide was with the San Francisco Giants: they couldn't relax, but they enjoyed the tension **by JACK MANN**

It was 30 minutes to game time and the tension was mounting. The San Francisco Giants hadn't lost a game in 12 days and their manager hadn't snapped at anyone in almost three hours.

Some men are invincible out of sheer talent, but Herman Franks is a self-made grouch, almost never angry at anybody but almost always pretending, with Actors Studio credibility, that he is. Yet he is human, and what mortal could put out 100? or sometimes with a 10-game winning streak and Juan Marchal ready to go? Franks munched his cud and gave Willie Mays some Keynesian insights on capital gains. The smell of success was almost too sweet until Herman saw his lineup card, taped to the back wall of the dugout, over the water cooler.

"Hey, get that thing offa there," Franks barked at an attendant. "It's been over the hot rack the last two nights." The attendant attended to it, quickly—baseball superstition, of course, like Birdie Tebbets' not getting a haircut until his Indians had lost a game.

Whether or not the nuisance placated the gods, it called attention to the lineup. For his next trick, Franks had devised a team of nine right-handed hitters to minimize the menace of the Pittsburgh Pirates' fearsome southpaw, Bob Neale. In eight positions that had been easy, but who's on first? Davenport, 18, Franks had black-lettered, then settled back to rehearse answers like, "What makes you think he can't?"

Nobody asked the question, because the Giants were Going Good. It is a conviction among baseball men that a team going good can get away with anything. Going good does not necessarily mean a team is hitting well or otherwise covering itself with glory. All last week the Giants had to scratch and claw to score runs, and they needed help from the Pirates and the Mets both to keep the

winning streak alive. Going good is getting the help you need. It is a Met rookie hitting his first big-league home run to "win" the game in the fourth inning, then pulling his first big-league rock on the base paths to give it back in the 14th. It is the Pirates' management looking out the window at a steady rain all day, then deciding it's a bright idea to play that night—even against Juan Marchal. It is getting only three hits off Bob Gibson twice in a row and yet beating him twice in a row. Going good is winning.

On Third Baseman Jim Davenport, half an inch shorter than the 5 feet 11 they give him in the book, put all but his index finger into one of Willie Mays' gloves ("I wouldn't use a first baseman's mitt if I had one") and went to work, troubled only by the recollection that in a burst of esprit he once told Franks he could catch, too. "Bring all your gloves, boys," Franks told his troops. "We may have invented a new system."

Davenport can handle any baseball batted or thrown in his vicinity, but if somebody made a normal high throw at a normal first baseman's altitude, it could go in the box seats and splutter egg on Herman's face. Shortstop Hal Lanier did just that in the seventh inning, but Franks was still going good. At the beginning of the inning, with Marchal holding a 2-0 lead, he had replaced Davenport with Ken Gabrielson. Gabe is 6 feet 4 and he caught Lanier's throw. Davenport would have been a spectator.

Davenport would have been a harder case if the Pirates' pitching rotation had been reversed and he had been playing first a night earlier. In that game Gabrielson, in rapid succession, caught the ball with his glove and Willie Stargell with his chest, and Gabe doesn't know what hit him yet. Had Davenport been in Stargell's path, Franks could have sold Jim for \$136,500, assuming that dead

infielders sell at the same price per pound as chopped chuck.

Davenport didn't know if he could play first or not but, making his first put-out, lifetime, as a first baseman, he potted his foot off the bag an instant before he caught the ball. The play wasn't that close, but the importance is in the sheer artistry of a caper that some first basemen take years to learn. Davenport executed it as neatly as ever Whitby Lockman did.

The majority maintains Gil Hodges was the master cheat (Hodges now modestly admits he got "about 15" outs a year that way) but Lockman was under-rated. Davenport said he was just trying to get his foot out of the way, and Franks says he doesn't remember this fact, but when Herman was making hed check as a Giant coach in 1958 Lockman was rooming with a rookie named Davenport. Some of the larceny must have rubbed off.

When you're going good you make a move in a late inning and discover quite by accident that your second baseman is a better shortstop and vice versa. When a team is streaking, it is a snare and a delusion (like Cleveland last year), and there is no chance that this Giant team is good enough to run away and hide from the National League. But when they recovered the atmosphere, their 12-game bubble punctured last Saturday by the Mets' barrage of small-arms fire (17 singles), there were reasons to believe they were still good enough to win. For one thing, it appears that Hal Lanier, who played second like a short fielder in softball, can play shortstop like a shortstop. He has to crank up to make a long throw, but so far he has made it, and his range is beyond question. Thus Tito Fuentes, thrust into a pennant race as a rookie shortstop last August and traumatized by the experience, has found

happiness at second base and the Giants make double plays. Lanier may never hit but Fuentes has, lately, and with the Mats-Hart-McCovey power nucleus intact that could be enough.

If the Giants did not lose the 1969 pennant around second base, they left it in the bullpen. Now they are so deep in pitching that they are a bit short of non-pitchers; they ran out of them in the eighth inning of last week's 17-inning struggle with the Mets. But they are also so deep in pitching that they will outlast some people when the doubleheader season arrives. At the moment Bob Shaw and Ron Herbel, winners of 28 games between them last year, are almost superfluous.

That is because Giants' Vice-President Charles S. (Chub) Leetey always answers the phone when Vice-President John Holland of the Chicago Cubs calls. In what may be one of the enter heads of the decade, the Giants last winter got Pitcher Landy McDaniel and useful Outfielder Don Landrum for Bill Hands and Randy Wamley, and if you don't know who they are you get the point. Thus, with lefty Bill Henry and righty Frank Lanier, the Giants can now maneuver like other people, and Coach Larry

Jänsey strutted his stuff in Pittsburgh.

Marichal was rigged to *e*, he walked a man, so Jansen kept getting pitchers ready. When Henry got up in the sixth inning, he was the fifth pitcher to get warm. Marichal almost never needs help, and he didn't. The display was muscle-flexing like May Day in Red Square, but Jansen is *monten in die*.

Details, details. When you're going good none of them matter. Then, over the weekend, the Mets got nasty and shot down Cloud 9. The Giants were still playing better than 700 ball, which no team ever did without winning the pennant. They still had a three-and-a-half-game lead, and all they could see over their shoulders was Houston. That's good, but not the same as going good. The Giants also had a three-game engagement with the Dodgers, the only team they really fear and the only reason they were so extravagant as to give Orlando Cepeda to the St. Louis Cardinals for left-hander Ray Sadecki. The Giants are still stinging from the terrorism wrought by Maury Wills & Co. last year, when San Francisco opened the season with only one left-hander—one they didn't want to use—and could find no help but superannuated Warren Spahn,

A left-hander, you see, can make the Dodgers' switch-hitters bat right-handed, taking a step and a half away from them. A left-hander can hold the Dodger speed boys on first base. A left-hander also can be on the spot when his principal occupation is beating the team that's the team to beat.

"It's like any other trade," Sadecki said, and then conceded that it wasn't. He came to San Francisco in a three-year trade, the calculated-risk kind of move the Giants characteristically make when they believe they can win the pennant with one added ingredient. In the spring of 1959 they gave up Bill White, a potential superstar, for Sam Jones, and that almost worked. Sam, the toughest of competitors, did about all one man could do for one team but it wasn't enough. The Giants went good, then went bad, and in the final week Sam went alone in the dugout in Chicago after throwing the home-run ball that was the beginning of the end. He had won 21 games, and he had failed.

"There is a pressure," said Sadecki. "But I'm not much of a winner." Having gone good, the Giants may go bad again. But at least we shall not have to see a man cry.

END

Manager Herman Franks' even temperament (always angry) is part of the act. Willie Mays (center) and Juan Marichal have become used to it.



THE BIG ONES WERE WAITING FOR MARIO

In the Indy trials, the new boy in town spooked veterans with sensational warmup speeds and then easily won the 500 pole **by BOB OTTUM**

At Indianapolis, the rites of spring are an exercise in speed and a demonstration of a kind of noble savagery. This has been true since the early 1900s, when men jammed their caps on backward, jumped into Marmans and Loziers and such and toiled around the Indianapolis Motor Speedway at 70 miles an hour. Year by year the rites have become faster and more intense, with a corresponding increase in the possibilities for sudden grandeur—or sudden disaster.

Last week as qualifying trials began for the 50th 500, there was a special, snarling grandeur in the performance of the slight young Pennsylvania driver, Mario Andretti, and misadventure among the other brave men of Indy who meant to equal his extraordinary speeds or smash into a wall trying.

The rites of the Indy game are deceptively simple. The two weekends, before each 500 are devoted to selecting the fastest cars and drivers. To qualify for one of the 33 starting spots, a driver must wrestle his car four laps around the 2½-mile track at top speed. The men who make it fastest are closest to the front of the starting lineup. So much for the rules. By 6 p.m. last Sunday—closing time of the first qualifying weekend—one driver had been killed, four cars had been wrecked, two had burned and a few of the Speedway's outstanding drivers had been out in the cold for some uncomfortable hours.

Texan A. J. Foyt, twice a 500 winner and the record-setting pole man last year, aborted his first qualifying run on Saturday. He wasn't satisfied with it.

Warming up for the second, he coasted off the No. 2 turn, lost control of his car and slashed it along the wall. After the wreckers had hauled the car away—it was hoisted beyond quick repair—he fidgeted angrily in the field hospital while doctors gave him a checkup.

"He told us, 'Hurry up, you guys,'" one attendant reported later. "I gotta get back to my garage and get me another car." We checked his blood pressure—these accidents can be devastating to a driver—and, to help me, it was lower than normal. He has absolutely no nerves at all."

Watching Foyt and the rest at the edge of—and sometimes beyond—the limit of their abilities gave Indy's enormous crowds (estimated at 250,000 for the two days) the runaway jitters. The buildup for the qualifying was unquestionably the gaudiest in years. There were 60 entries for the 1966 race—cars with blue-blood chassis and engine pedigrees, most of them low-slung, rear-engine models whose lines had been begged, horrified or stolen from every car designer of note in the world. The year's horsepower surge (it had leveled out at about 495 last year) was astounding. One member of the Dan Gurney racing crew, pointing at a new Gurney-built American Eagle car, whispered, "This thing has checked out at more than 600 horses. We're afraid to tell people what the horsepower really is."

The list of drivers was impressive. Arrayed against the old Indy line—the Foyts, Parnelli Joneses, Rodger Ward—were the four top men from the 1965

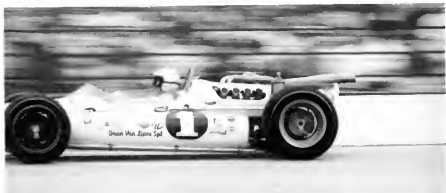
Grand Prix road-racing circuit. There was Champion Jimmy Clark of Scotland, who had won the Indy 500 last year and then had let the word get out around Europe that it was easy. There was No. 2 man Graham Hill of England, Scotland's Jackie Stewart, who had placed third, and America's Gurney, who was fourth in the standings. And if the ring of clipped European accents was not enough to unsettle Gasoline Alley veterans, Le Mans winner Masten Gregory, the Parivan from Kansas, showed up during the week and prowled restlessly through the pits in tweed jacket and turtle-neck sweater.

Ultimately more unsettling than all this, however, was the 26-year-old Andretti, the new boy in town who raced to a surprising third place as a rookie at Indy last year and then went on to become the national driving champion. For two weeks he had been scaring the other drivers out of their fireproof coveralls with his high-speed practice laps.

Indiana fans needed no further stimulation. On a Saturday morning so cold that the high school drum majorities were blue-legged, and under darkening skies, an estimated 230,000 filled the Brickyard grandstand and milled restlessly through the infield.

During such times the Speedway is an island of hysteria amid the midwestern calm. Only some hidden wellspring of American reserve keeps the crowd from showering roses on the fast drivers or from pelting the slow ones with beer cans. It could be, in fact, that May is the biggest thing ever to happen to Indiana.





Andretti cooly flies along the Indianapolis homestretch in the Brabham-Ford on his way to an impressive new qualifying record of 165.499 mph

It is like a Grant Wood painting at speed.

Not surprisingly, the concentrated attention of such an assemblage rattles the drivers considerably. By 9:35 a.m. Saturday, after two weeks of accident-free practice, two cars had slammed the wall and one other car had gone into a wild, uncontrollable spin.

Rodger Ward in a supercharged Offy was the first man to qualify—at a so-so speed of 159.468 mph. With steady, grinding swiftness the other drivers attacked Ward's mark, pushing him back into the field. Californian George Snider in a year-old Lotus-Ford burst around the track at 162.984, breaking Foyt's old one-lap record of 161.958. "It feels good," he said, after averaging 162.521 for four laps. "But I'm afraid somebody's gonna beat it."

The somebody Snider was waiting for—everybody was waiting for him—was Andretti, whose Ford-powered car was the terror of the track. Waiting nervously for Andretti in fact, was the pattern of the day. While fans howled "GO! A!! Go!" Foyt whirled by the stands at 161.783 miles an hour. It was a respectable speed, but he completed just one lap. Scowling, he pulled back in to wait for Andretti. Dan Gurney ran a dazzling warmup lap, but he also returned to the pits. Clark followed him and ran two practice laps timed by his pit crew at 164 mph. They all knew that Andretti had done 168 in practice that morning, and so they waited.

None of that nonsense for Graham Hill, however. Wait for Andretti, indeed. With square-rigged jaw and mus-

tache braced against the chill, he then went out and qualified at 159.243 miles an hour. "I'm disappointed, rather," he said, in accents right out of Carnaby Street. "There seems to be a bit of pinging in the engine."

At last, carried along by an ocean of swelling noise, Andretti drove onto the track. Andretti's made-in-America car, a copy of a made-in-Britain Brabham, flashed by in a long, thin streak of white on white. His first lap was 166.328 mph, the second was 166.113. And then came laps of 165.899 and 165.259 for a record-shattering average speed of 165.899. Those who suspected that no one could now deprive him of the pole position were correct.

"Oh, yeah," said Andretti, with the stinging casualness only a 5-foot-4 man could give it. "Oh, yeah. We been running a little quicker." He grinned. "Those guys wouldn't run before I did. You know those guys. They were waiting to see what I could do. But they may have waited too long."

One who had was Driver Chuck Rodee. Pressing to approach Andretti's record, he careened out of control and into the wall in a frightening slide. It was, the announcer solemnly informed the crowd not long after, a fatal slide. Rodee had died of multiple injuries at a hospital.

But at the track, the chase continued. Parnelli Jones in a supercharged Offy blasted his way toward the front of the pack with an average of 162.484. "Not bad," he said. "For an old four-banger."

Foyt rolled out again, ready to practice for a run at Andretti's mark. It was

then that he crashed. Within an hour after the smashup he was back in his garage talking speculatively about his new, still-untested reserve Lotus.

Then Gurney returned, but there were just too many horses in the American Eagle. He burned out the clutch, climbed from the car and walked away in disgust.

Twenty-five minutes before quitting time, Clark came back for another run. "A fast one," the track announcer barked after the first lap. It was 164.204. Clark covered the 10 miles in 3 minutes 39.32 seconds for an average speed of 164.144, which put him in the front row right alongside Andretti. "I could have gone faster, actually," Clark said. "But for some reason or other my goggles fell off in the backstretch and that just about blinded me. It was a bit nasty. But I remembered where I was, counted one, two, then turned left. I'll go faster in the race, of course."

On Sunday, Foyt and Gurney finally made it into the field, at 161.355 and 160.499 mph, respectively, but way back in the seventh row.

And thus the cast for Indy's annual Memorial Day drama began to take shape. There was every prospect the race would be the fastest of them all and possibly the most dangerous, as well. Already records had fallen. One life had been snuffed out, and there was another week-end of qualifying ahead.

The races would go on with brutal vigor, but until May 30 if then it seemed certain that no one was going to catch a slight young Pennsylvanian named Mario Andretti.

END

After dominating the game of bridge for nearly a decade, Italy's famed Blue Team has decided to disband. What follows is a firsthand report on the team's most recent World Championship victory in St. Vincent, Italy, written by its retiring captain. In it he discusses, among other things, what he thinks is wrong with American bridge

A FINAL WIN FOR THE BLUE

by CARLO ALBERTO PERROUX

MONTENA, APRIL 17—Pablo-Elier visited me, and we went fishing in the mountains. As usual, not one trout would bite, but it was a pleasant trip for we were able to walk in quiet woods beside foaming torrents talking calmly and at length.

He is quite determined to retire from competitive bridge and informed me that Forquet, tired of successes and honors, also refuses to continue the strenuous life that he has led as a champion for too many years.

Above a certain level, bridge ceases to be a recreation. For those who become professional players, time is devoted to bridge in the same way that others devote time to their work. But for amateurs like the members of the Blue Team,

who all have professions which in some cases are very demanding, it is not easy to find time for bridge.

So the verdict is definite: at St. Vincent the Blue Team will fight its last battle. Like Pablo-Elier and Forquet, I, too, have decided to retire. For the Blue Team and the World Championship belong to an era that is drawing to an end. Perhaps this is the result of too many successes: eight World Championships in nine years, and five European titles.

It is a melancholy thought that this will be the last time. It took six years to build this team: I was appointed in 1950, and our first world title was won in 1957. How did I do it? Good luck and perseverance were needed.

First, I tried to create a team spirit, to

develop a mystique, to establish a legend. Then I was careful to recruit only players who got along well with each other. There have been, perhaps, better individual Italian players than some members of the Blue Team, but I believe that including such a player would have cost us more in harmony, understanding and unity than we could have gained in technique.

In moments of crisis—and we had such moments in Como in 1958, in St. Vincent in 1963, as well as a very black Tuesday in New York in 1959—never a word was spoken that might have injured either our friendship or our fraternal spirit. When one player made a historic blunder, I saw, unbelievably, that his partner was trying to convince



RETIRING PERROUX IS FLANKED BY TWO WHO REMAIN, GIORGIO BELLACONNA (LEFT, ALSO SHOWN DINING) AND BENITO GAROZZO

the culprit that he would have done exactly the same in his shoes. On two occasions, in New York 1957 and Buenos Aires 1961, when the title was virtually won, two pairs urged me to allow the third pair to play the last session so as to receive the final applause.

ST. VINCENT, APRIL 25 This year five teams are competing: Holland, Thailand, Venezuela, North America and our Blue Team. The Americans are, in my opinion, the strongest opposition. There are two exceptional individuals, Mathe and the Canadian Murray. Each has a perfect partner who is both skillful and disciplined. A great partnership does not consist of two stars who may bear each other's hair, but of a star and a second actor.

In addition they have Rubin and Feldesman, who, to the best of my knowledge, are as good as the others. This makes up three pairs—not two or one and a half, as on some previous occasions—that can play as well as the best pairs of the Blue Team.

Moreover, they want to win. We only wish to. This is the Blue Team's mood on the eve of the Championship. A tired Avarelli is contemplating his imminent promotion to section president of the

county court. Our Walter is a leading figure in the Italian magistracy, and when he becomes president, bridge will be a pleasant and distant memory.

Forquet always thinks that he is the best player in the world, but is now tired of applause. He says that he has not trained enough, and instead he has offered to train a ladies' team.

Pabst-Ticeri is always prepared, but is quite determined not to worry. D'Alelio had no time to train—he had to treat his hair which is now almost black again. He hopes we will win, but will not mind if we lose. He thinks the Americans are stronger than we are.

Belladonna and Garozzo are sure we shall win and cannot bear to think of retirement. They expect to go on winning World Championships for 20 more years. Happy, carefree youth.

Tomorrow we begin play. When I am with them I feel youthful and hopeful, recalling so many battles and so many victories. But when I am alone and thinking clearly I no longer hope. We shall lose—that is my prediction and presentiment—but it won't be a tragedy.

ST. VINCENT, APRIL 27—The first five sessions are over, and we have played 20 deals against each of the other four

teams. If I have to make a judgment, I must say that I am satisfied. We have dominated, as an optimist could probably have foreseen, against Holland, Venezuela and Thailand. Against North America only a greater share of the luck made it possible for us to finish the first session with a lead, really quite negligible, of 24 International Match Points.

I am firmly of the opinion that the Championship will be decided by the duel between North America and the Blue Team, and so I will concern myself here with that battle only. North America is the strongest team we have met since 1957. It is perfectly managed by Julius Rosenblum, the only American captain who has defeated us. This was in Naples in 1951—which is not only a sad memory but also perhaps an ominous portent for superstitious people such as we. My opinion has been strengthened by the way the American team played the first 20 deals.

Murray and Kehela, against Belladonna and Avarelli, did not make a single mistake in the bidding or play—perfect. Mathe and Hanman, on Bridge-O-Rama against Forquet and Garozzo, were a little unlucky but also gave a very fine performance. As for us, I am prepared to claim that these 20 deals

continued



PIETRO FORQUET, ONCE REGARDED AS THE WORLD'S BEST, PLAYED CARELESSLY, AS IF HE HAD HIS MIND ON OTHER THINGS

represent one of the best sessions the Blue Team has played. If I have to rank my players, I would put Avarelli at the top—yes, the elderly Avarelli who has replaced the juvenile Avarelli of 1957.

We had luck on our side. A psychic opening bid by Murray prevented Avarelli and Belladonna from bidding a slam. Maibe and Hamman correctly bid to six, only to find the cards lying in the one way that made success impossible. Change the position of one king and we would have lost 11 IMPs instead of gaining 11. The result for the day would have been 30-28 instead of 41-17.

If, with our best team playing at its best and with fortune favoring us, we have finished almost even, one can have doubts about the final result. We shall not always play so well, and we shall not always have luck on our side. So, although I must be officially optimistic, I still think we shall lose.

The boys, of course, are less philosophical—they look at the score, they see that we are ahead, and everything is fine for them. They talk away like windmills, and already feel well on the road to victory. They have special requests, and I find I cannot, as I had planned, play Pabst-Tucci and D'Alelio with Forquet and Garozzo in tonight's session against Holland. His Majesty Forquet insists that he has played extremely well and that he now deserves a little bit of fun. I await the explanation of this statement in some trepidation, but feel better when it is forthcoming: the Tiger-Griffith world championship boxing match will be on television.

So the partnership of the future makes its debut, the pair that will survive the Blue Team, the pair of parachutists, Belladonna-Garozzo. This experiment is not without risk. The temperaments of these two daring fellows make one's hair stand on end.

But today, many things have gone right, so Forquet will watch his boxing, and Belladonna and Garozzo, happy as children who have run away from school, will display themselves on the Bridge-O-Rama. In the meantime I think and think. I am thinking of Friday, the second session of the North America-Italy match.

St. VINCENT, APRIL 29—We gained 24 more points against North America and we are 48 ahead now. But what heart palpitation! After a few hands we were 39 ahead, but this was reduced to 16 by

some good plays of our opponents. Then we did better, and the lead rose to 60 points. But the final deal included a strange series of ineffective leads and some questionable plays by Forquet, so we ended, as I said, with 48 points.

What a pity. The right moment had come. A slip by Murray in one room and by Hamman in the other, and they had collapsed. In past years the Blue Team would not have lost the chance and would have taken a bigger bite from their opponents. But quite the contrary, the mistakes of the Americans were matched by an almost equal number of mistakes on the Italian side. If we cannot knock out an opponent who is already staggering, who has rubber legs, then he may be able to recover his spirits. Tomorrow he will be able to do what we could not do today.

This evening, at dinner, one would think someone had died. I had to be very diplomatic, so that no one would speak about bridge or be critical. Mention of the bad hands was forbidden. Everything went well, as tradition requires. Nobody said a word to Belladonna about his failure to bid an elementary slam, or to Forquet for his strange plays, or to D'Alelio for missing an easy slam against the Dutch.

We talked about tennis, golf and even politics. The Blue Team has a rule: we do not permit at the table strangers, friends, wives, lawful or unlawful relatives. We speak of bridge only when things go perfectly. Otherwise we speak about something else. Reproaches, discussions, observations are permitted, but only between members of the same partnership when no one else can hear—and then only a few days later when the wound has healed. In this way nobody has to worry about his reputation. I am the exception to the rule. I am entitled to reproach anyone—but *tête-à-tête*. Do not suppose that this right has been given to me because of my authority or because of my knowledge of bridge. It is allowed because "in any case he knows nothing about the game, so he can say what he wants." Incompetence has its advantages. . . .

MODENA, APRIL 30—I had to go home on family business, but though my body was in Modena, my mind was in St. Vincent. At 10:30 p.m., after looking countless times at my watch, I began to worry. It is time for the big match against

North America, and I have instructed Avarelli and Belladonna to play against Murray, who seemed a little nervous in the previous session. One cannot neglect even the slightest sign of discomfort. Opponents should be placed in situations which they seem to dislike.

At 11 p.m. I went to bed, preferring to wait for a telephone call lying down instead of prowling about. But even reading a few books did not help me to sleep.

Midnight. Half the session is over. Have we lost all of our lead? One a.m. It is almost over. How have they played? A small loss would be acceptable. After 60 deals one can judge how things are going, and there is the factor of morale. If after three sessions they have not been able to wallop us even once, they may feel in the mood for surrender.

So, tossing in bed, trying to read, looking at my watch every five minutes, asking my wife what she thought was happening, talking to myself, thinking about the past of the Blue Team, the time passed.

At 2 a.m. I was cursing the Italian telephone system, but at 5 past 2 the telephone rang. It was Sergio Osella.

He said, "It was 57 to 31."

"Who got the 57?" I asked.

He repeated, "It was 57 to 31."

"Who got the 57?" I cried. "Did we lose so much?"

"No, 57 to 31 was the result of the session. Against Thailand we scored heavily."

"Listen, Sergio, it's 2 a.m. Please tell me, before it gets light, who is 57 and who is 31?"

"But what a stupid you are. It was 57 Italy, 31 North America. Against Thailand—"

"I don't care about Thailand. What was the total against North America?"

"Seventy-four ahead. We won another 26 points."

After this I got to sleep, thanks to a great sleeping draught. A sweet sleep, quiet, light blue, with Osella's voice, "We are 74 ahead, 74 ahead, 74 ahead."

St. VINCENT, MAY 3—Back to the battlefield. Everything went well today. The first session, against North America, was very exciting; Belladonna and Avarelli in the Bridge-O-Rama against Maibe and Hamman; Pabst-Tucci and D'Alelio in the closed room against Murray and Kchela. Forquet-Garozzo were on the

continued



GALLE CURCI



GRACE MOORE



CARUSO



TETRAZZINI



PINZA

Imagine one voice with the range of all these. That's what we did with a Scotch.

We must have auditioned a thousand whiskies to get the Scotch we were after.

We wanted the Balmenachs, the Strathislas, the Macallans and a handful of others.

The nine key whiskies that form the base of Scotland's greatest Scotches.

Most distillers are happy to have one or two of these key whiskies in their Scotch.

We wanted to take the whole lot and combine them into one. (At a reasonable but commensurate price.)

For years we searched the Highlands and the Lowlands collecting

the whiskies we were after.

In fact, it took more than 20 years and 530 combinations to get these individual key whiskies all in one bottle.

And if you thought they were great individually, you should try them in perfect harmony.

EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • 100% 100% PURE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY • 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) • 100 PIPERS



100 Pipers
Scotch by Seagram



Add a dash of excitement to your next business trip. Get behind the wheel of a Shelby GT350-H. Only from Hertz.

Have one waiting for you at the airport on your next business trip.

Cobra engine. Disc brakes. High speed wheels and tires. Stick shift or automatic. Rally stripes. High performance shocks. Torque controlled rear axle.

Everything you need to look and feel like a new man on your next business trip or vacation. (Including room enough to seat four.)

Two stipulations. You have to be at least 25 years old. And you have to hurry. (It's all on a first-come-first-serve basis.)

So make your reservation today. One local phone call reserves a G.T.350-H just about anywhere in the country.

Just call the only rent-a-car company that offers you a car that adds a dash of excitement to a business trip.

Hertz.

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat. (Isn't that where you belong?)



bench. The Americans started strongly and gained 20 points in the first eight deals. Garozzo, Forquet and I, sitting in the last row of chairs, did not say a word. The specter of a catastrophe began to loom.

But then our revival began. On Board 11 the Roman Club helped Pabis-Tucci and D'Alieho bid and make six hearts, while Hamman and Mathe could not get beyond four. That was 13 IMPs, and we felt better. We had another big swing on the next hand, Pabis-Tucci bid five clubs, was doubled by Murray and made it. Over Mathe's five-club bid, Avarelli, the great veteran of this championship, continued to five spades. Hamman imprudently doubled instead of bidding six clubs, and the contract was made. So Italy scored game at both tables for a gain of 15 IMPs. These two swings virtually decided the session. After 80 deals our lead had gone up from 74 to 90. Sixty boards to go, and we were 90 ahead. But why is it not Friday night already? When this championship ends, my sufferings will be over.

St. Vincent, May 4—The catastrophe! I had said it. I had said that the Americans were strong, very strong. Pabis-Tucci and D'Alieho were in the closed room against Rubin and Feldesman. Belladonna and Avarelli were on Bridge-O-Rama against Mathe and Hamman.

After a few boards it became another Caporetto—an Italian Waterloo. Rubin and Feldesman gained much, Mathe and Hamman everything. This team, America at its very best, played a perfect session. Never before has the Blue Team been so soundly beaten. True, the Americans played perfectly, but on our side it was terrible.

Pabis-Tucci and D'Alieho made some unlucky decisions, but the blame for the collapse does not rest on their shoulders. Avarelli and Belladonna, until now our best pair, played very badly. The truth is that we are tiring, and the lack of practice, as I have proclaimed to the desert air, is affecting everyone. This accounts for the Fort Apache massacre.

Now our capital is reduced to a modest 46 IMPs, and we have to play another 40 boards against an American team that has shown itself able to win 44 points in only 20 deals.

Am I sorry? It grieves me. Fifteen years ending like this, badly. I ask to be understood and forgiven. It is easy to

criticize the others—when you win it is easy to make jokes about the art of losing. The difficulty is to act normally—and the congratulations of an opponent who has won.

The last hand was typical. In the closed room the Italians were in four spades, down two. On Bridge-O-Rama, the great Mathe made the same contract easily, thanks to defensive errors.

So we are doing the usual things while waiting for the next session against North America. The team is quiet.

St. Vincent, May 6—We were lucky. Forquet and Garozzo played on Bridge-O-Rama against Mathe and Hamman, and Avarelli and Belladonna played in the closed room against Rubin and Feldesman. Our players were eager to demonstrate that I had made a mistake in changing the lineup, and that Wednesday night's result was just one of those things.

A lot of qualms at the beginning, but we came out on top. Forquet and Garozzo made a few mistakes, but Avarelli and Belladonna were great. For the Americans Rubin and Feldesman played well, but the other pair did not display their Wednesday-night form. Hamman made a big mistake on the last board.

We won 31 points and gained a 77-point lead. Will it be enough? Our players are naturally very confident, and nobody thinks it possible to lose now. Do I have doubts? Obviously I am delighted, and I think we have a tremendous chance of winning the World Championship for the eighth consecutive time. But you never know—Forquet and Avarelli are free until tomorrow afternoon. Tonight I shall go to sleep much happier than when I woke up this morning.

St. Vincent, May 8—We have won—but how heartrending! Perhaps emotion and fatigue have affected us. Our card play, leads and defense were worse than they have ever been. The Americans (Murray-Kehela and Mathe-Hamman) have played a session that can be compared to their effort on Wednesday night. We lost 20 IMPs, and we have won by 57.

I must say sincerely that, unlike the other times, I am not at all proud of this victory. We won, but we cannot claim to have played our best. Nobody played especially well in St. Vincent this year. I was expecting much more from North America, which was at its best only in

the fifth session—and there remains the doubt whether it was then the Americans who won or the Italians who lost. During that session I admired the play of Mathe and Hamman. The Murray-Kehela partnership was disappointing: I formed a good impression of Murray in 1962, but in St. Vincent he did not feel well and this probably affected his play. Feldesman and Rubin were just another good pair but no more.

I cannot understand what is wrong with American bridge. They have so many players that they should be able to form several teams capable of winning the World Championship. Each year it seems that their moment has come and that they should win easily. But they do not fulfill their promise—they have not won since 1954! Why do they not realize that their bidding systems are not as good as the European ones? Do they not understand that good play will not outweigh the advantage of bidding systems which can show distributions, singletons and voids on the way to the perfect final contract? And their Trials events, which never permit them to organize a compact team!

As for us, we did not play well. We made mistakes. We did not produce the marvelous final sessions of Buenos Aires 1965 and New York 1964. Our best pair was certainly Belladonna and Avarelli. The best individuals, Belladonna and Garozzo. Pabis-Tucci and D'Alieho played steadily but were not in the line form they were in last year. Forquet was out of training and quite out of form. It is useless to look for excuses. The whole Blue Team was tired, and became more so every day.

It won again—so hurrah for the Blue Team. But now we have the problem of the future. I am sure that Belladonna and Garozzo will go on, supporting Italian bridge for many years to come. As for me, what is said is said, and what is written is written. Unfortunately I am a serious lawyer. That dear, serious Gueffa will take my place—Italian bridge is in good hands. I am fully occupied with my fishing: even if the fish spurn my bait, my golf teven if my golf club cannot hit the ball in the right place) and my football (even if Milan sometimes makes me cry). For someone my age that is enough to fill my time, so farewell Blue Team. The captain is alive: 15 years of his life have been centered on the Blue Team. Now he wants to rest. **END**

If southpaw Sam McDowell (see cover) of the Cleveland Indians ever gets the baseball "smarts" he may become a big-league pitcher. He could even begin to like baseball and stick around for seven more years, until he is 30.

Sam is not a big-league pitcher, you see, because last year, in his first full season, he won only 17 games. "You're not a big-league pitcher unless you win 20," he insists. "I don't give a damn if Ford didn't win 20 for nine years, he wasn't a big-league pitcher for nine years."

Last year, at 22, McDowell struck out 325 batters in 271 innings, 23 strikeouts short of Bob Feller's American League record. Had he pitched 371 innings, as did Feller in that memorable year of 1946, he could in -sarcastical theory, at least, have fanned 442. Feller, 27 years old and a 10-year man in that season, also had the lowest earned-run average of his glorious career, 2.18; McDowell matched that in 1965, if the figures seem to make McDowell look suspiciously like a big-leaguer, Sam considers the evidence circumstantial.

"Pitching is a matter of attitude," he says. "I had a long talk with Koufax this spring, and he agrees with me, I have to beat a team in my mind before I can beat it in a game." So confidence is the thing, right? "Hell, no. I can't win if I'm confident, I have to be scared to death to pitch. I'm no good if I'm not scared."

"Sam," visitors to the Cleveland clubhouse are quietly warned by everybody,

from his roomie, Outfielder Jim Landis, to his manager, Herbie Tebbens, "is likely to tell you almost anything."

Sam can be facetious. "You think they pay you for strikeouts? I'm making \$10,000. Would you believe 13?" He is making \$25,000, which he considers grossly inadequate.

Sam can be serious. Jim Grant of the Minnesota Twins, with 21 victories last year, qualifies by McDowell's rigid standards of big-leaguery. He was also "a very good friend" of Sam's during the 1963 season at Cleveland, and can remain so if he can get this down: "With his F.R.A. [3.00], Grant's got a hell of a nerve to say he's half as good as Koufax. I'd like to have five runs a game, the way he did."

This and other intemperate observations have marked McDowell as a pop-off. The jargon of baseball, however, is all things to all men: I say what is on my mind, you talk too much, and he pops off. "As long as I stick to the truth," McDowell says, "I don't see why I can't say whatever I want."

Neither does his general manager, Gabe Paul. "There are things you can do when you have talent," Paul says, "that are colorful. If you do them without talent, they're bush. Sam has talent."

Paul did not mention it, but when you can throw the way McDowell does you may also wear long sideburns. A number of people thought they detected creeping conformity this spring when McDowell trimmed his hair to normal length.

SAM, YOU MAKE THE BALL TOO SMALL

So say the batters who have to face Sam McDowell's hummer. Oddly, the Cleveland southpaw would prefer to get them out with a changeup, but few things about Sudden Sam are predictable **by JACK MANN**





"Sure," Sam concedes, "but I just felt like seeing what I looked like. I believe there's one best way for a person to look. I'm a big guy, and I think I look silly with short sideburns." So he is back to abnormal. If Sam holds out next year ("and, boy, will I hold out if I have the kind of season I want?") all they will have to give him is a horse and a gun, and the movie cameras can roll.

Is Sam McDowell dumb? "There ain't two guys on this team dumber than I am," he says, but you would find that hard to believe. Despite occasional mix-ups, such as attributing a feat of memory to a "photogenic" mind, he seems to have absorbed as much of the curriculum of Pittsburgh's Central Catholic High School as could be reasonably expected of a three-letter man. "I'd be a steelworker like my father if I weren't in baseball," Sam insists. "I'd never have finished college. But I'm talking about the baseball snarls. I everybody out there knows more about the game than I do."

That is, of course, untrue. Of all the young players in baseball today, probably none studies the game more closely or applies his knowledge better. McDowell's theories have theories, and most of them have a sound basis. "He has a good idea how to pitch," Tebbets says, "and he's going to be a real pitcher, one of the truly great ones. He runs three times as much as some pitchers, and he concentrates. He's going to get very tired in the next few years from all those pitches he throws, but he can stand that because he's young and strong, because he has a perfect build for a pitcher and because he doesn't have a sore-arm delivery. He's smooth."

"But he's going to get more tired mentally, because he has to think about every situation. People who compare him to Koufax now have no imagination. What was Koufax doing when he was 22? [Winning 11, losing 11, striking out 131 in 159 innings, walking 105, ac-

continued

BASEBALL'S BEST young pitcher, McDowell has become a target for autograph hunters.

cumulating a 4.47 FRA.] McDowell walked 132 last year, so they say he has a control problem. But he struck out two and a half times as many, and the ratio for a good pitcher is supposed to be 2 to 1."

"I'm sick of this garbage about what I'm going to do," McDowell said in another context. "I've heard that for five years. Why don't they take a look at what I've already done?" (There is an escape clause in Sam's 20-game eligibility rule for pitchers. "If a guy wins 16 or 18 with a low FRA, and his team isn't a winner. . . .")

"He'll say you could expect of an American boy at this stage of development," Tebbets concludes, "and he's still learning. How long has Koufax been in the league—11 years? Pitching comes naturally to him now, he doesn't have to think."

Sam does. When he scrunches down from his 6-foot-5 height to count his catcher's fingers, his glove covers the No. 48 on his chest. If the glove wiggles, Sudden Sam is thinking. The fastest growth in the *Fast* (185 pieces in his collection) is choosing a weapon (four pitches in his arsenal, with variations).

The glove wiggles often, which is the thing about McDowell that bugs baseball people—which is one of the several things about baseball people that bug Sam. It is not that he thinks left-handed but that he thinks at all that gets them. Celebration by a 23-year-old rifleman with McDowell's muzzle velocity seems pointless to many and, to some who have to hit against him, unfair. Hitting his last ball, they feel, is ordinal enough.

It would be irrelevant to suggest that Walter Johnson was no more sudden than Sam, but that is probably so. Feller, on the other hand, was at least as rapid as McDowell, and the young Koufax probably was quicker. The mature Koufax, however, seems slower, although nobody actually has timed both men's deliveries. But it has never been necessary to throw a baseball faster than McDowell does. "Sam," New York Yankee Catcher Elton Howard sums up, "can huge it." It is that simple, and many stunned hitters wonder on their walk back to the dugout why McDowell doesn't relax and enjoy it. They think McDowell would be even money if he simply turned on the Batbeam and—zap!—his hummer would get past the letters every time. But Sam would not do that, even if he thought he could get

away with it. If that were pitching, McDowell says, baseball would be very uninteresting, and McDowell does not find the game very interesting at best.

And there you are, wondering where you are, after Sam has propounded his abstract theories for an hour. "Are you thoroughly confused now?" Sam asked, as he withdrew to hunt a summer home for his wife and two small children. "They jack the rents if they know you're a player, I tell them I work at the Chevrolet place."

The glove began wiggling one night last month in Municipal Stadium. Given a 3-0 lead over the Yankees, McDowell had thrown 20 pitches in the fifth inning, and he was nowhere. He messed with two sliders to rookie Ray White (who had lined a single off his fast ball in the third), and he was behind 3-1 with two on and one out. Catcher Del Crandall, who was finding baseball interesting before Sam was born, went to the mound.

"Holy fork ball, Sam," Crandall said in effect, "remember the old Batbeam—I mean hummer." It was only White's seventh look at McDowell and his 52nd at bat in the big leagues, but the brevity of the conference, Crandall's encouraging pat on McDowell's rump and Sam's impatient "awright, awright" gesture told him what was coming. Zap! The ball blurred on the way to the plate, even with foreknowledge White could get only minimal wood on the ball, but it popped into center for a bases-loading single.

It was Batbeam time. Sam's overhand curve drops like the sax ball in the side pocket at the Jack & Jill Cue & Cushion in Pittsburgh. (Only regular customers and friends of the family know the hilliard parlor is a McDowell enterprise, "because I refuse to capitalize on my name.") But he was not getting the curve over that night. "You think maybe Maris will see the fast ball?" one tactician in the press box asked rhetorically. "Got to be," another replied unnecessarily.

So the first pitch to Roger Maris was a slider on the hands for a swinging strike, and McDowell had what pitching coaches like to call command. Mel Parnell, who lived to be a broadcaster because he used the slider to survive in Fenway Park, says he has not seen a better slider than McDowell's.

There are highly divergent opinions

on the merits of the slider. It is the best of pitches, it is the worst of pitches. Ted Williams has said that its currency from 1946 on materially changed the game because it gave pitchers a functional alternative to the cripple fast ball in the 3-1 situation. The slider also diminished the advantage hitters used to enjoy over opposite-handed pitchers. It presents itself as a nice, pullable, inside fast ball until it slides in—very little, but too late to do much about.

A slider is thrown with a firm wrist and a turn-of-the-screw rotation, as distinct from the snap of the wrist and flip of the first two fingers that impart top spin to the curve. Curves can be thrown at almost any speed and can break two feet, except for the sliders thrown by the Fords and the Maggies, who can make anything work, there is no such thing as a slow slider, and the best of them seldom break more than a few inches.

"McDowell's breaks at least eight inches," Parnell says, "and coming off his fast ball that's a wicked pitch." The compliment did not disturb Sam's pattern of unconvincing self-deprecation. "That's nice," he said, "but I guess Parnell never saw me on a day when my slider got raked."

After the slider McDowell used three fast balls to strike Maris out. But Crandall's advice had not totally withered Sam's infinite quest for variety. Two of the fast balls were delivered with a three-quarter motion, a recent refinement that McDowell says makes them sinkers. "I'll take his word for it," Maris said the next morning. "He only got me once. That ain't too bad."

McDowell used nothing but fast balls to reach a 3-2 count on Tom Tresh, then wiggled his glove for a slider that struck Tresh out to end the inning. He resolved his final crisis in the eighth by bringing it to Howard, low and away. Too low and too far away, Howard suggested to the umpire, but the books will show only that he was Yankee strikeout No. 11 for the night.

To win a seven-hit, 3-1 victory, McDowell had used 163 pitches, "about par for me," he said. He was asked how many times he had thrown his change of pace, the slow pitch off the fast motion. "About 20," he said. "Would you believe 10?" About six was closer to the truth, and the elders of the Tribe believed even that was too many.

continued



SCHWINN . . . Bikes for the Young-In-Heart of Every Age!

Whether you choose the joyful solitude of a quiet country lane, or a ride in an afternoon with your grandson on his new Schwinn Sting-Ray Fastback, you'll get more sheer fun and healthy outdoor exercise on a bike. It's the bright and lively way to treat yourself to a generous helping of good health. Those new Schwinn bikes have taken the old fashioned effort out of cycling and introduced a modern ease that makes it a breeze.

SCHWINN 5-SPEED STING-RAY FASTBACK \$48.95*

Why not stop in at your nearby Schwinn Cyclery and try it for yourself on one of the exciting lightweight adult bikes with gears. Choose a three-speed, or a new ten-speed derailleur equipped sport bike . . . you have a wonderful experience awaiting you.

Send 10¢ for your copy of the new 36 page Schwinn catalog, "Schwinn Takes a Trip to Disneyland."

SCHWINN DELUXE 5-SPEED TWINN TANDEM \$118.50

*Suggested price, slightly higher west and south.

Schwinn

Arnold, Schwinn & Co. • 1656 North Kostner Avenue • Chicago, Illinois 60639



Lincoln Continental distinguishes your way of life
—at \$14,667 or at \$5,447*



S.S. Independence of the American Export Isbrandtsen Lines just before departure on a Sunlane Cruise to the Mediterranean.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the Continental Coupé shown above, includes power steering, power windows, power locks, power seat, plus many other luxury and safety features, but excludes destination charges (due at Detroit, higher at many distant points), optional equipment such as wheelwell trim (\$10) and state and local taxes. The Lincoln Continental limousine is custom-crested by Lehmann-Petersen, Coachbuilders, Chicago, whose suggested retail prices start at about \$14,800. Your Lincoln Continental dealer will be pleased to provide you with full pricing and ordering details.

A Lincoln Continental, at \$14,667 or at \$5,447, distinguishes you among fine car owners. It is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars in styling, performance, value—and as an expression of individuality, good taste, accomplishment. Come take a closer look: drive it, experience it, and discover for yourself how close you may be to owning a Continental.

 **LINCOLN** *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.



LINCOLN-MERCUURY DIVISION

The Indians signed the unemployed Crandall last December because a good 36-year-old catcher nowadays is hard to find. And because last year, pitching to Joe Azcue and Camilo Carron, McDowell persisted in calling his own game and has options did not always coincide with Tebbetts' theories on pitching Crandall's did, generally. He had handled Spahn and Burdette at their best, worked briefly with Juan Marchal and had his hands warmed last year by the Pirates' very fast Bob Veale. But he found at Tucson this spring that McDowell's equipment, like almost everything else about Sam, is something else.

"Sam is a fine boy," Crandall said after their third collaboration of the season, "and he has a real good idea out there." So there is no area of disagreement? "Well, there is," Crandall said. "He has such a good changeup that he wants to use it—too much, in my opinion. I do not believe he is as impressed with his fast ball as the hitters have indicated that they are."

Herb Score, now a television announcer in Cleveland, had tools like McDowell's in 1957, when he was Sam's age. He had been a 20-game winner, and there is no telling what he might have done with his left arm if he had not stopped a line drive with his right eye on May 7 of that year. When it comes to soft pitches by hard throwers, he is a very skeptical man.

"A change can be an effective pitch," Score says, "but only to a good hitter, to get his timing off. A bad hitter can't hit a good fast ball. Throw him a change and you do him a favor."

Score still remembers a favor he did a batter in an exhibition game in one of his early years, when Al Lopez managed Cleveland. "Al ran out to the mound," Herb recalls. "He said the next time I throw a change he'd be out there before the ball reached the plate. 'When you can get the fast ball and the curve over the plate every time,' he said, 'I'll let you fool around with a change.'"

"We never got around to it," Score said with a shrug. "I pitched 10 years, and I never got that good."

"You don't see me throw the change to many .200 hitters," McDowell says. "But it depends on the hitter. Some guys just can't hit a change." As usual, Sam has a point. Dusty Rhodes, wherever he is tending bar, would agree. "If I went to play in a league at the North

Pole," Dusty once said, "some Eskimo would throw me the change and he would get me out."

McDowell declared his independence in April 1964, when the Indians gave him his third straight ticket to the minors. He was 21, the father of a child, and did not see what they could preach in Portland, Ore., that he could not practice in Cleveland. Tebbetts thinks McDowell may have been overcoached in his first three years; Sam thinks that is an understatement. "They told me when to sneeze," he says. "They said all I had to do was get the ball over the plate, anywhere. That's not pitching. You better believe I was teed off when they sent

me out again, and I decided I'd pitch my way."

"Johnny Ligon was managing Portland, and he just gave me the ball. 'I don't care what anybody says,' he told me. 'You don't have a control problem.' After a game he'd discuss the pitches with me and tell me where he thought I was wrong, but he never told me what to throw."

Those postgame discussions were brief. In nine games McDowell's ERA was 18. He struck out 102 batters and walked only 24 in 76 innings. He won all eight decisions, one a no-hitter. "I don't see why everybody gets so excited about no-batters," says Sam, who pitched a

continued



ROUND CONFERENCE WITH CRANDALL IS DOMINATED, PREDICTABLY, BY McDOWELL

Et tu, Brut?



**Bold new
Brut
for men.
By Fabergé.**

For after shave, after shower,
after anything! Brut.

SUDDEN SAM continued

one-hitter last year and has had two this year, one after the other. "I never saw one that wasn't lucky."

In mid-1964 Sam came back to Cleveland to stay. He went 11-6, with 177 strikeouts in 173 innings and a 2.71 ERA. "He was a pitcher when he came back," Tebbetts says, "and I don't see why everybody was so concerned about him. He was sent out three times, which is normal procedure. If he weren't so big, and if he hadn't got the bonus, who would have noticed?"

Nobody, because without the \$62,000 bonus ("a house for my parents, a car for me and that was it") Sam would not have been there. His father, Tom, was a Pitt football player of some renown who had begun dental school but never finished, because World War II and a few other responsibilities interfered. The urge to "make something of yourself" was something his father brought home from the steel mill every day, so it did not occur to Sam to play hooky from school. But by the time he was 15 he was playing hooky from baseball.

Sam liked football best, "but can you imagine a 6-foot-5, 160-pound quarterback who got creamed on every play?" Meanwhile he pitched, struck people out and had some no-batters, and after his junior year the scouts dropped in on his father, who had been a semipro player. "The guy from Detroit guaranteed him I could make the big league," Sam says. "That summer my father had me playing in four leagues, which I did not especially like. I used to leave the house in my baseball uniform and go hang around someplace."

Sam already is planning his retreat from baseball. Besides the billiard parlor, there is the guitar distributorship ("You're only allowed to import 1,000 of them from Japan"). These are only sidelines now, but "if I could make a comfortable living for my family, if the businesses could make \$19,000 . . . it would be \$23,000 if I could be three myself." And Sam would go home and work on his gun collection.

Mel Parnell, for one, is not convinced McDowell is headed for an early retirement. A very good pitcher who missed the very big money, he does not even believe that McDowell strikes batters out without consciously trying. (Sam isn't sure he believes it: "I don't think about it, because the idea is to win. But did you hear the crowd chant the other

day when I had five in a row? 'Get him, he's another, get him, he's another.' You hear that. And a few times, when I already had 15 or 16 strikeouts, I tried. I have to admit I tried.")

"Sure he tried," says Parnell, who had the middle ripped out of his career by arm trouble. "He's got to try until he gets to the big money. By then he won't be able to throw that hard, but by then he'll be a pitcher. And by then he'll have the money."

Few others think Sam McDowell will not pitch—and win—for at least a decade. Certainly not Tebbetts or Gabe Paul. Their measure of his dedication is the way he learned to hit. "He was a terrible hitter," says Tebbetts, "but he kept trying. For a while he dragged bums 80% of the time—anything to get on. Now he's a pretty fair hitter."

Sam can explain that: he was afraid. "Fool this den," he says, pointing to the right side of his head. The drag bums were simply an evasive tactic by which a timid man could hit the ball and run away from it at the same time.

"But then I realized," Sam says, "that I was the pitcher, I think any pitcher who throws at a man is a coward. He's giving in to him, admitting he can't get him out without intimidating him. I've refused to throw at hitters, but I've never hesitated to protect my own players when they were thrown at, and the pitcher gets it first. So if the guy knocked me down . . ." So Sam became a hitter, or at least not an out.

Above all, Sam is still a thinker, and an independent thinker. He knew why Crandall was catching him this year, and for two games he let Crandall call the pitches. "One more time," he said, "and then I'm going back to calling my own game."

After the third start, the first victory over the Yankees, McDowell was asked whether Crandall would now become a silent partner. "No," Sam said. "He called a pretty good game. He called 95% of the pitches, because 95% of what he called for was what I wanted to throw."

That's a 95 on his report card for Delmar Wesley Crandall, whose major league experience up to this year was limited to slightly more than 1,500 games. Three months with Sam McDowell and he's saner already.

Or maybe Del Crandall is just thoroughly confused.

END



**We're looking for:
an understanding man.**

He's rare. Hard to find. But when you can come up with a man like Dick Thomas of Baltimore, or Norman Ackerman of Des Moines, or a woman like Hazel Shafer, who represents Equitable in Roanoke, it's more than worth the effort.

Of all the qualities we look for in Equitable representatives, none is more important than a deep understanding of people. Of their needs, their hopes, their plans for the future.

These three have it. And so do the more than 7,000 talented men and women who represent Equitable in every state in the Union.

As Equitable moves ahead, as more people discover the benefits built into Living Insurance, our need for the most capable representatives grows.

Those who can qualify will join a company that has pioneered many firsts in its 107-year history, a company that is still a pioneer—and as modern as the twentieth century.

The people we select will benefit from Equitable's unsurpassed training facilities, its outstanding portfolio of policies, and its reputation as a company that goes out of its way to provide service.

Are we the company for you? If you like people and understand them, and if you measure success not only in what you do for yourself, but also in what you do for others, you and Equitable have a lot in common. Drop a line to Coy Eklund, Senior Vice President at our Home Office.

LIVING INSURANCE...FROM EQUITABLE

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

Home Office: 1205 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 An Equal Opportunity Employer M/F © Equitable 1968

EMOTION IN MOTION

PAINTINGS BY JIM JOHNSON

BENEATH THE MECHANICAL PERFECTION OF THE TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETE—THE ALTERNATE EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION OF THE HURDLER'S LEGS AS HIS BODY FLOWS ACROSS THE BARRIERS, THE TIMED EXPLOSION OF THE BROAD JUMPER AS HE LEAVES THE TAKEOFF BOARD—ARE THE MOODS AND EMOTIONS OF THE MAN: DETERMINATION, FURY AND EVEN FEAR. THE ARTIST, A SOMETIME VAULTER AND HURDLER HIMSELF, BECAME FASCINATED BY THIS ASPECT OF THE TRACKMAN'S OWN ART LAST SPRING DURING THE BIG CALIFORNIA MEETS AND HERE EXPRESSES, IN SEMIABSTRACT STYLE, THE UNIQUE MARRIAGE OF DYNAMIC MOTION AND EMOTION THAT ONLY SUCH FIERCE COMPETITION CAN PRODUCE.







THE DISCUS THROWER'S CLASSIC WHIRL
FASCINATED ARTISTS IN ANCIENT GREECE.

WEIGHT MEN, THE LEVIATHANS, COMBINE
SURPRISING SPEED WITH PURE STRENGTH.

VAULTERS ARE COMPLETE ATHLETES, ACRO-
BATS WITH THE QUICKNESS OF SPINTERS.

DISTANCE MEN (NEXT PAGE) ARE SUFFER-
ERS WHO LIVE BY THEIR TORTURED GASPS.













IN THEIR RARE MOMENTS BEFORE LARGE CROWDS, THE HIP-SWINGING WALKERS (LEFT) AND THE PUDDLE-JUMPING STEEPLECHASERS ARE A MEETS COMIC RELIEF. WHAT EVEN KNOWLEDGEABLE TRACK OBSERVERS OVERLOOK IS THE GRACE OF THESE PERFORMERS AND THEIR GRITTY ENCOURANCE. THEIR EVENTS ARE AS PUNISHING AS ANY IN ALL SPORT.



If you fly "Economy"
to have a longer and better vacation

you'll understand all about our Falcon.



If you know how to make a 10-day vacation budget stretch into two glorious weeks, there isn't much we can tell you about our Falcon.

- Except engineering, maybe. Our Falcon's got a thing about gas. It hates to use the stuff. Its brakes adjust themselves. It is a fanatic about not stopping for routine maintenance between 6000 mile or 6-month stretches.
- And inside the incredibly strong unitized body-frame structure there are pleasing

tringe benefits. Padded instrument panel. Reversible keys. A foot-operated parking brake.

- Our Falcon is open to plusher notions with options up to a 289 cu. in. V-8 engine, a silky 3-speed Cruise-O-Matic drive or even air conditioning. And much much more. Falcon likes to live a little, too.
- But deep down, our Falcon's a compulsive wallet watcher. You slip on board a Falcon and you're on a non-stop flight to economy.

FALCON

A PRODUCT OF



DEEP IN THE HEART OF DARKEST TEXAS

Exotic big game animals like the acoudad sheep (right) are being bred in Texas and stocked on fenced preserves where they can be hunted in complete comfort on a no-game no-pay basis **by DUNCAN BARNES**

At a private club in an Austin hotel not long ago Carroll Abbott, a folksy Texas public relations man, was thumping the tub for one of his clients, the "fanned" Y O Ranch, where several kinds of foreign game, or exotics, are offered to hunters on a guaranteed no-game no-pay basis. "How kin you beat it?" Abbott was saying. "Imagine getting a magnificent black buck antelope right in the heart of the historic Texas Hill Country. Not India, man Texas. They're roamin' wild right on the ranch. 'Course, you don't just go out there and put you one. No, no. A little ol' black buck can do 40 mph, and one of the real thrills of all time is to harrel along cross-country after one in a jeep. You go crashing through the shot oak and mesquite until you git up close enough for a shot—maybe 300 yards or so. Well, you are so shook up from the ride, and your adrenalin is working overtime and you're going to have one hell of a time shooting anywhere near that ol' black buck."

"'Course, you're going to git one eventually," Abbott continued. "Our hunter success is nearly 100% on these exotics, and one day is generally all the time you need. You kin stay in a wonderful log cabin that's 300 years old. It's

modernized, of course. And hey, we got five other kinds of exotics on the ranch. You kin even shoot the round. You know, git you a sikka, axis, fallow, wild Corsican ram, acoudad, all in a weekend. You'd run up a pretty sizable bill that way [roughly \$1,500, including room and board], but, man, you kin plumb fill up your game room with trophies in just two days."

As any hunter who keeps up with the times knows by now, Abbott was not just talking through his Sietson. No longer is it necessary to go to India to shoot a black buck antelope or an axis deer or to the Atlas Mountains of North Africa to bag a heavy-horned acoudad ram or to the posh private shooting preserves of Europe to get a fallow deer. A hunter with the money and a day or so to spend can find guaranteed hunting for some 20 different exotics on private land enclosed by deerproof fence in almost a dozen states.

Texas, predictably, has more and bigger preserves than the rest, and the Texas landscape does resemble some parts of Africa and India. But there are preserves in New Jersey, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Tennessee. And just east of Lock Haven, Pa. the Buffalo Ranch Motel invites you to "come and

continued



The five leading golf balls

only one is
registered

Registered Royal. Most golf balls are made by putting together a lot of elements made by outside companies. But not the Registered Royal.

The center, the cover, the windings—even the paint—for a Royal® golf ball are all specially made by Royal's own golf ball craftsmen. That way, absolute quality control can be maintained. That way, a ball has a chance to pass the incredible standards it must meet before it can be registered.

If a ball does pass, its registration number becomes proof. Proof that no ball is made more carefully—proof that no ball will give greater distance and accuracy.

Registered Royal. Available only at golf professional shops.

Royal Golf Equipment



shoot your own buffalo. . . The price is \$400 each and up, according to size. Choose your own favorite weapon." (The buffalo may be native to the U.S., but it is a rare enough trophy today to be classed as an exotic.)

Not surprisingly, the hunting, or more accurately the *shootage*, of exotic game animals "running wild" in fenced pastures, whether they are 300 acres or 3,000, is passed off by many a hunter as nothing more than an out-of-the-cage-and-onto-the-wall operation. Some ecologists fear that exotics are competing with and disturbing native game. Despite such censure, however, the exotic-hunting business is booming.

It all began as a lark about 30 years ago when two San Antonians, Refrigerator Manufacturer Richard Friedrich and Attorney Leroy Denman, bought a few black buck antelope and axis, sika and barasingh deer from zoos and released them on their ranches (Denman also brought the first wild boar into Texas from the Tennessee hills). As the animals thrived, Friedrich and Denman sold their surplus brood stock to other ranchers, and they, in turn, added other species, such as aoudad and mouflon sheep (the original mouflons from Corsica and Sardinia have since been crossed with domestic and semi-wild sheep, and a pure strain of mouflon is virtually impossible to find anymore), fallow and red deer and sambar deer from Asia. Today at least 100 ranchers are in the exotic business, either raising and selling brood stock or stocking up for hunting. A Texas Parks and Wildlife Department survey taken two years ago showed that there were at least 13,160 exotics of 13 different species residing mostly under deerproof fence in Texas. There may well be 20,000 or more now.

Under a U.S. Department of Agriculture ruling, these animals, after being imported into the U.S., must spend all of their natural lives in an approved zoo. Their offspring, however, may be sold by the zoos. Ranchers may also deal in exotics on the open market as easily as they buy and sell Angus cattle, Poland China hogs or Angora goats. Current prices for exotics range from \$150 for a breeding pair of mouflon-type sheep to \$350 for two aoudads and as much as \$700 for a trio of black buck antelope (one male and two females). Because these exotics are contained by fences on private land, the Texas Parks and Wild-

continued



Michaels/Stern shows you how to check suit quality with a squeeze, a pinch, a tug

Squeeze back the coat front: (See how in the picture.) A well-tailored coat has an inner foundation to give it permanent shape. It should feel supple, yet springy, when pressed between your fingers. When released, the coat should resume shape immediately—without a wrinkle.

Michaels/Stern cuts, pre-shrinks, and sews all its own coat foundations. They're made of a resilient and lasting blend of wool, cotton, and goat's hair. The shape is there to stay. Squeeze away.

Pinch the lapels: Expertly made lapels have a built-in roll—not just pressed in, but sewn in. Pinch the inside and outside edges together—then release. The lapel should spring back to shape.

Michaels/Stern tailors sew at least 500 tiny padding stitches in the interlacing of each lapel (all hidden, of course). These hold the roll and keep the lapels in shape permanently. Pinch away.

Give the buttons a slight tug: Good button thread must be strong and resilient. Ordinary thread (such as cotton) will not "give." It snaps—and you lose a button.

Michaels/Stern moors all its buttons with three-ply nylon. It's the strongest, springiest thread known. Each button is anchored with eight to nine inches of this nylon thread. Tug away.

If a suit measures up to these professional tests, by all means buy it. If it doesn't, don't. Too busy for tests? Look for the Michaels/Stern label.



For the names of stores near you that feature our clothing, write to Michaels/Stern, Dept. TA, 87 Clinton Ave. North, Rochester, N.Y. 14602.

Also available in Canada and Australia

English Leather®



...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, \$2.00, \$3.50, \$6.50... the BATH SOAP, \$8.00
 ...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, \$1.50... the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, \$1.50
 ...the SHAVING CREAM, \$2.00... the SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, \$2.00
 ...the DEODORANT STICK, \$1.00... the HAIR DRESSING, \$1.50
 ...the AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$1.50... the gift set of ALL-PURPOSE LOTION
 and DEODORANT STICK, \$3.00... other GIFT SETS from \$3.00 to \$10.00

MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, NEW JERSEY

DARKEST TEXAS continued

life Department has no control over them. Says A. J. Springs, the staff service officer: "We classify these animals as domestics, the same as cattle, and we do not promote the hunting or the sale of them."

The advantages of such an arrangement to ranchers are obvious. There are no state hunting seasons on exotics and no preserve licenses to buy. Several animals, notably the black buck and the various sheep and goats, have true horns that are never shed, and they provide year-round trophy hunting. But it takes some time for exotics to grow trophy-size horns or antlers (three or four years in the case of the black buck), and preserve owners are hard-pressed to keep enough trophies on hand for hunters who are willing to pay anywhere from \$75 for a mouflon-type ram to \$300 for a black buck or an aoudad.

The largest and best-known Texas preserve, and the only one with both a heliport and a PR man is the Y.O. Ranch, a vast spread of some 150 square miles of rolling hill and canyon country owned by Charles Schreiner III ("Write it Chas," says Abbott), at 39 the youngest member of a wealthy Hill Country family whose interests include banking, business and philanthropy as well as ranching. Schreiner got into the exotic business by stocking a few black buck in 1953 as a hobby. The animals thrived, and by 1961, when he started hunting them on the same guaranteed pay-after-you-shoot basis that he offers whitetail and turkey hunters, Schreiner had added axis, sika and fallow deer, mouflons (which he calls "wild Corsican rams") and aoudads. The exotics—some 1,200 of them—are kept in fenced pastures that range from 600 to 3,000 acres.

"We only stock animals that can make it on their own in the wild," Schreiner says, "and we feed them only as a last resort during real bad weather." Many species are particularly susceptible to severe cold or prolonged periods of dampness. Last February a large part of the black buck herd was lost in the aftermath of a 10-inch snowstorm. But for the most part the exotics do well on the Y.O., and Schreiner and Charles R. Land, his wildlife biologist (Texas A&M), are constantly experimenting with new animals, which are kept under observation for 60 days in a quarantine pen before being released on the ranch.

At present the Y.O. has a young Siberian ibex named Ivan (its father was an at-

continued



**SLIMU
THINS
YOU
IN 60
SECONDS
... FLAT.**

SLIMU III shows you. Weightless. It's Lycra®. Elasticized all over. Controls as it firms. Exclusive Male Pouch design. Healthful support. And the whole darn thing weighs just 4 ounces! Get the lean look that gets 'em. Get Slimu, Thirl!

Munsingwear
MUNSGINGWEAR, INC.
Manufacturing Division
Spartanburg, South Carolina

Slimu III in Lycra® Spandex \$3.00
© 1977 by Munsingwear, Inc. All rights reserved.



CADILLACS SELDOM SHOW THEIR AGE.

The reasons? First of all, Cadillac styling represents a process of evolutionary refinement—Cadillacs are always readily identifiable as Cadillacs. They are remarkably dependable and enduring in their performance and craftsmanship. And their owners customarily give them unusually fine care. As a result, Cadillacs provide lasting satisfaction and retain their value better than any other luxury car. New or used—they represent the finest investment on the highway.



General Motors Corp. U.S.A.

Standard of the World



Cadillac

High Mileage Drivers are Standard Oil customers. This touring golf pro is an HMD—every year is one long drive to him and his Mustang for they travel more than 32,000 miles together.



Standard Oil Dealers sell trouble-free driving.

One way: clean AMERICAN, Regular and AMERICAN, Super-Premium Gasolines delivered through the American FINAL/FILTER:

Two others: the Standard Oil Credit Card is good for all driving needs and there's always a Standard Oil Dealer just ahead.

That's why, in Mid-America, twice as many drivers choose Standard over any other brand.

If you're an HMD (and even if you're not) a Standard Oil Dealer is your car's best friend.

© STANDARD OIL DIVISION AMERICAN OIL COMPANY 51000, THE AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL. *Trademark

You expect more from STANDARD and you get it*



traction at the Moscow Zoo), several oryx and nilgai (India's largest antelope) and some African eland. Schreiner hopes eventually to try such exotic species as greater and lesser kudu, Grant's gazelle and impala, and he is currently trying to breed up a batch of solid black mouflon-type sheep that he hopes will appeal to hunters.

Biologist Land finds the whole thing fascinating. "You just can't go to a library and check out a book on how to raise Indian black buck antelope in a 1,000-acre pasture in Texas," he says. Land keeps copious notes on such phenomena as fawning cycles, number of offspring, antler and horn growth and stomach contents of all dead animals. "We are still feeling our way," he says, "but we do know that our exotics are completely compatible with the domestic cattle, goats and sheep and with the native game. And we are increasing the ranch's income and making the land pay for itself better."

When he is not towing a livestock trailer around the country collecting surplus exotics from zoos and game farms or dealing with other Texas ranchers, Land keeps busy at the Y O trapping animals and moving them to new pastures or into pens for study and treatment. Box traps and spring-triggered nets baited with corn seem to work well, and Land is experimenting with a tranquilizer gun. But his most important job is to please the hunter. "We keep track of the trophy-size animals in every pasture," Land says, "so we know just where to take a man for a good black buck. If he can't hit that one, there are others to try for. And if he plain gives up on a bouncing black buck or an axis in the thick brush, he can always settle for a Corsican ram [at the Y O, the tough part about bagging a Corsican ram is to separate it from the herd long enough for the hunter to get a clear shot]. Rarely does anyone go away empty-handed."

The Y O does not just draw hunters who cannot afford to go to India or Africa. Says Abbot: "We got people who have been there. Last winter Prince Ahderessa Pahlavi of Iran came here and got himself a real nice eight-point sika. You know why? 'Cause he never was able to get one anywhere else. Then there was Mrs. Clark Sample of Longview, Texas, who hunted twice in India but never got within 1,000 yards of a black buck. Well, she got one here. You know

continued

Who was first to wrap up a case: Scotland Yard or Alexander Gordon?

Scotland Yard started sleuthing in 1890. Mr. Gordon over a century before. Came up with his brilliant solution in London, 1769. The bright flavoured, brittle-dry gin that's now one of England's most venerable institutions. Biggest-seller throughout England, America, the world. And quite possibly the one case more celebrated than any of Scotland Yard's.



PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S GIN CO. LTD. LONDON, NEW JERSEY

First portable TV ever built with a solid integrated circuit!



The kind of circuitry that's proved itself in today's spacecraft—now adapted to the sound system of a tiny portable TV! It's a major element of reliability, another great advance over hand-wiring!

And the new 12-inch* Minikin boasts a solid-state transistorized* power system, plus the famous RCA solid copper

circuits, that won't come loose or short circuit or go haywire. See the new Minikin at your RCA Victor dealer!



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics



TM948

New RCA Victor Minikin



Bell & Howell announces

Automatici

Not every-day "ho-hum" movies, but lively, dramatic movies that are really fun to see. Now you can make your home movies more exciting than ever—automatically—with the new Focus-Tronic Super 8 camera.

Automatic: Power Focus. A brand new Bell & Howell invention. Touch a button and you get razor-sharp focusing—crisp movies every time. You need Power Focus with a 5-to-1 zoom. Only the Focus-Tronic has it.

Automatic: 5-to-1 electric zooming. This magnificent lens system gives you extreme flexibility, from wide angle group shots to dramatic telephoto closeups—a must for vacation and sports movies.

Automatic: perfect exposure. Our exclusive solid state Optronic Eye,* the most precise electric eye system ever built, lets you forget about exposure settings, concentrate on the action. You get perfect exposures even when you zoom from sunlight to shade.

Automatic: Instant slow motion. Just push the "run" button a little harder—even in the middle of a shot. Imagine how this Bell & Howell exclusive can help analyze your golf swing.

c movies.



Automatic: film loading. Slip in a Super 8 cartridge and shoot. The camera sets everything automatically: film speed, filter and footage counter. You'll get bigger, brighter movies because Super 8 has 50% more picture area than regular 8mm film. You will need a new Super 8 projector, and Bell & Howell has automatic models here, too.

Automatic: imaginative, beautiful home movies. Isn't it time you moved up to the new Focus-Tronic Super 8 by Bell & Howell?

This is the power focusing telescope you view through to focus. Your subject is highly magnified for crystal clear focusing throughout the 5 to 1 zoom range.

Focus-Tronic Bell & Howell® Super 8

Photographic instruments built a little better than they really have to be

how long it took her? One hour and five minutes, and that's counting the time it took her to sight in her rifle."

The fastest hunt for an exotic on record, however, took place several months ago, not at the Y.O., but at the Guajalote Ranch just northwest of San Antonio. The hunter was Astronaut Wally Scherra, and his trophy was a black buck. "It was more difficult than the rendezvous," Scherra said, which may have been overstating it a bit. Scherra and his fellow astronaut, Thomas Stafford, had to chase Gemini VII for almost six hours and 105,000 miles through space at 17,000 mph before the two spacecraft rendezvoused. The astronaut's chase of the antelope covered less than two miles in a jeep and took an hour.

The Guajalote Ranch is run by Frank Huntress, the former owner of the *San Antonio Express and News*, a radio station and a television station. Huntress has 1,100 acres under fence, and he caters to "the big boys" businessmen and company executives who come primarily from Houston and Dallas. "These men like their comfort," says Huntress, "and I give it to them, deluxe. Every bed in our lodge has a box spring and every room has its own bath with pink, lime or baby blue tiles." The Guajalote also has a punched dining room, a private bar, ping-pong, bumper pool and an electric player piano.

The hunting is equally deluxe. Bull-dozed roads wind through the brush, and hunters ride around in radio-equipped trucks and jeeps looking for black buck and axis and sika deer. Those who prefer to bag an axoid or a mouflon shoot from baited blinds. "It's all very scenic," Huntress admits. "I put all my exotics in a 100-acre trap so they can get oriented before we turn 'em loose. You have to supplant what nature has provided, so we feed the animals about 3,500 pounds of corn and milo every week, and we also throw in pellets for extra nutritive value."

Huntress' blinds are made of sheet tin and are fitted with wooden benches, sliding glass shooting ports and telephones connected to the main lodge. Too sparse? Well, there is the Bingle Hardot Blind, which features a television set ("You keep the sound down low so you don't spook the game"), an axoth stocked with beer and soft drinks, electric outlets for heater, hot plate and coffee percolator and pink-and-blue cur-

tains. And there is a life-size photograph of BB (yeah) to which Huntress has pinned a red cloth bikini (boof). Some hunters have been known to unpin the bikini—Huntress can tell by the number of extra pin holes.

"It's just a conversation piece," Huntress admits with a chuckle. "But, you know, it's just as good as our other blinds. It's got oats planted nearby to lure the game in, and, of course, there's a feeder, too." Not just an ordinary old feed trough. No, sir, it is a motor-driven affair with a timing mechanism programmed to throw out corn and milo in a 20-foot circle every six hours. There are six feeders in all, each one strategically located 60 feet or so in front of the blinds, and they work on the game just like alarm clocks. "Those animals come a-runnin' when the feed goes out," says Huntress. "Man, it's just like a durn zoo around the blinds at dawn and towards evening. Works out real well for the hunters, too. We've pretty much cleared away the brush around the feeders so you can just poke your rifle out the window and let fly. Naturally, we shoot only good trophies and let the smaller animals alone. When a guy pays \$275 for an axis (and \$10 a day to stay in the lodge), he don't want no little ol' bony animal."

In Texas, at least, the success enjoyed so far by the Y.O., the Guajalote and several smaller preserves open to the public has encouraged more ranchers to get in on the act every year. Experiments are now being conducted with exotics like eland and impala on the drought-plagued semiarid rangelands of south central Texas and Mexico. The idea is that the exotics will do better than cattle and native game in producing high-quality meat and will provide far superior hunting. Carroll Abbott carries the idea further. "I can see the day coming," he says, "when the Y.O. will be exclusively a hunting ranch. No livestock, just game animals. Oh, we'll keep a few longhorns and some goats and sheep in pens just to show people what it used to be like."

Maybe. But not all of the country's hunters will soon be gone, gone to potshooting. There will still be many who will hold out as long as there is any game left outside the fences. Says one such hunter who has shot at several Texas preserves: "It's like going to a trout farm where you hook tame fish out of a pool. You catch fish, but it's not fishing."



GEORGE MUSE CLOTHING CO. Atlanta, Ga
HAMBURGERS Baltimore, Md
LOVENAMS Birmingham, Ala
KENNEDY'S Boston, Mass
JACOB BROS. INC. Buffalo, N.Y.
FRANKENBERGER'S Charleston, W. Va.
TATE BROWN CO. Charlotte, N.C.
LYTTON'S Chicago, Ill.
MABLEY & GAREN CO. Cincinnati, Ohio
B. R. BAKER Cleveland, Ohio
F. & R. LAZARUS CO. Columbus, Ohio
JAS. K. WILSON Dallas, Tex.
HKE KUMLER CO. Dayton, Ohio
COTTRELL'S Denver, Colo.
YOUNKER BROS. Des Moines, Iowa
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFIN Detroit, Mich.
SANDWITZ Houston, Texas
L. S. AYRES Indianapolis, Ind.
WOLF BROS. Jacksonville, Fla.
ROTHSCHILD'S Kansas City, Mo.
DESMOND'S Los Angeles, Cal.
MARTIN'S Louisville, Ky.
BEASLEY BROS. — JONES-HAGLAND, INC. Memphis, Tenn.
BURDINE'S Miami, Fla.
BRILLS Milwaukee, Wisc.
JUSTER'S Minneapolis, Minn.
CAW-SLOAN MEN'S SHOP Nashville, Tenn.
BAMBERGERS Newark, N.J.
GODOALOX New Orleans, La.
BROADSTREET'S New York, N.Y.
ROTHSCHILD'S Oklahoma City, Okla.
STRATTON & CLOTHIER Philadelphia, Pa.
HANNY'S Phoenix, Ariz.
HUGHES & HATCHER Pittsburgh, Pa.
MEIER & FRANK Portland, Ore.
BERRY-BURK & CO. Richmond, Va.
NATIONAL CLOTHING CO. Rochester, N.Y.
STIX BAIR FULLER St. Louis, Mo.
Z.C.M.I. Salt Lake City, Utah
ROOS-ATKINS San Francisco, Cal.
HLOFFENSTEIN Seattle, Wash.
WOLF BROS. Tampa, Fla.
DANSHROEDER'S, INC. Toledo, Ohio
REMBERG Tulsa, Okla.
HALEIGH HABERDASHER Washington, D.C.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Wilmington, Del.



*Behind this great sport coat
is a great American fabric!*

A Raeford fabric—like this lightweight blend of Dacron* and wool worsted,
an outstanding example of The American Way With Wool Blends.

Where can you find the sport coats? See the adjoining list.
(And why not take this page with you as a reminder?)

Raeford Worsted Company A Division of Burlington Industries



Raeford

DISCOVER THE SWINGING WORLD OF YAMAHA



Get with the sport of cycling on a Yamaha Twin Jet 100. Discover the kind of pure fun and enjoyment available only in the Swinging World of Yamaha. The Twin Jet 100 is unique ... 2 cylinders ... 2 carburetors ... 2 exhaust pipes ... double everything for the first time ever in a sportcycle this size. The performance is startling. The handling is what you'd expect from the makers of the famous 250cc World Grand Prix Champion Yamahas. Yet the price is a low \$409.* See your dealer, he'll show you why Yamaha, with proven oil injection, is the top-selling 2-stroke sportcycle in the U.S.

YAMAHA

INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
P.O. Box 54547, Los Angeles, California 90054



*MSRP. Excludes taxes, license, and optional equipment. © 1977 Yamaha Motor Co., Ltd.

Obviously he is too tall and gangling to be a great sprinter. Probably he is too young and impatient even to bother with something as arduous as the marathon. But patently it is not too farfetched to believe that University of Kansas freshman Jim Ryun is capable right now of smashing world records for all the distances in between. If you do not believe that, there are 17,253 people who sat in on the 26th annual Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles last week who do. On a chilly, damp evening they saw Ryun outleg the strongest two-mile field ever assembled in the U.S., and add the American two-mile record to the one he already owns in the one-mile run. They saw him follow a breathing fast pace for most of the race and then gallop past Kenya's world-record holder at 3,000 and 5,000 meters, Kipchoge Keeno, in the final curve. Then they saw him hold off a desperate challenge by Jim Grelle in the final straightaway and, with a lunge at the tape, win in 8:25.2, which was just 2.6 seconds over Frenchman Michel Jazy's world record.

Even for 19-year-old Jim Ryun the victory was impressive, but last weekend it was no more memorable than performances by his equally talented contemporaries. In Seattle, Washington State's spindly, sparrowlike sophomore, Gerry Lindgren, 20, turned in the second fastest three-mile run in history, 12:53 flat, just three-fifths of a second slower than Ron Clarke's world record and 11.2 seconds under his own American record. In Fresno, Calif., Bob Scagren, 19, capped what started off as a very bad evening with a world record in the pole vault. Scagren took three tries to get over 15 feet 6 inches. He took three tries at 17 feet 8 inches, too. He never did make the height, but he could not have cared less. On his third attempt at 17 feet 5½ inches, he had soared over the bar in perfect symmetry, and that was higher than anybody had gone with the aid of a pole before.

But it was Ryun's race that captured the imagination. The fact that he was in the two-mile race rather than, for him, the more comfortable mile, denoted nothing more significant than the fact that that was where the action was, and Ryun, in remarkable running condition, was looking for competition. There were the legitimate two-milers Tracy Smith, the young blond who ran 8:32.4 indoors this year; Keeno, who, despite

The teen-agers take charge

Jim Ryun, the 19-year-old Kansan, ran a remarkable two miles last week. He had to outshine some equally talented contemporaries

a 3:54.2 mile to his credit, prefers longer distances, and UCLA's sturdy Bob Day, whose fastest mile is 3:56.4 but who also considers himself a two-mile-or-more man. And there were the milers: Ryun, Grelle and Dyrol Burleson, all of whom had run well this spring.

I see the race breaking down into two cozy little groups of three," Ryun

said, only half humorously, on the eve of the race. "The real two-milers will be out in front trying to set a fast pace. The rest of us—me, Grelle and Burleson—will be trailing behind hoping we can stay close enough to outspurt them in the last quarter."

This prediction was not too far off. Wearing his customary orange cap, Ke-

continued



AGONIZING THROUGH THE TAPE, JIM RYUN BEATS COOL JIM GRELL TO U.S. RECORD

If we could only pour this J & B ad instead of writing it

The reason for our lament is that a flavour (like a fragrance) defies description. Words are inadequate. Simply, you must pour J & B for yourself to appreciate the special flavour which sets it apart. This quite special flavour which has moved J & B into a top position among all scotch whiskies in recent years.

Historical note: J & B is shipped to this country by the venerable house of Justerini & Brooks, founded 1749. That they guard its unique quality with fierce British determination is hardly surprising. That they have numbered such greats as Charles Dickens among their patrons is hardly less surprising.



PENNSA MURY IN COST-WORRIS APART IN QUALITY

The others are not
J & B rare scotch

no speed to the front before the crack of the starter's gun had ceased echoing around the cavernous Coliseum and harnessed through the first quarter-mile lap in 61.6 seconds. With Day right on step behind Keno and Grelle and Ryan bringing up the rear, the six men sped along a single file through a 2:05.1 half, a 3:09 three quarters and a 4:13.6 mile. Then the pressure of this fast pace began to break up the field of runners as if they were pieces of moldy plaster.

With 600 yards to go, Keno, still leading, made the singular gesture that fills the people in the stands with delight and the runners on the track behind him with apprehension. He reached up, grabbed his orange cap and flung it onto the bright green grass of the infield.

"Oh, my gosh," thought Grelle as he saw the flash of orange. "If that means he's starting his kick, I don't know how we're going to make it."

Ryan remained unmoved. "I figured it was just taking up energy," he said. "He seemed to be waving it around for a while before he threw it away."

Ryan may have been right. Keno's finishing sprint ended about 100 yards earlier than he planned it to. As the three runners raced through the last turn of the last lap, the Kenyan faltered and broke stride. Ryan rushed by him and Grelle, a few feet back, followed. The record-breaking pace had left four fine distance runners tottering almost meekly along the track behind them, but the two survivors hurtled down the finishing straight seemingly as fresh as when they started a few minutes earlier. Grelle, beaten often but never badly, pulled up to Ryan's right shoulder and it seemed he might pass him, but he never got any closer as they ran through the tape. When the race was over Ryan, suffering from an agonizing headache and nausea, was in no condition to feel at all elated. Grelle, however, was quick to point up the significance of the youngster's victory.

"Look at me. I'm hardly tired at all," he said. "I should never have lost by a foot like that. My problem is that I can't seem to hate the rest of the guys in the race enough. But that's what makes the difference between a good runner and a great one—like Herb Elliott, like Peter Snell, maybe like Ryan. Plenty of runners are fast, but there are not too many mean enough to just stay out there in front regardless of how they feel and never let you by."

END



SEND FOR 3-VOLUME SET OF DICKENS' CLASSICS—only \$1.00

Handsome hard-cover library editions: *Life*, *A Christmas Carol*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Daniel Defoe*, *David Copperfield*. All 3, only \$1 postpaid. Write J & B Dickens Library, P.O. Box 180, Cliffside Park, N. J. 07005, Dept. 5. (offer limited to Continental U.S. where legal.)

©1974 Printed Great Britain • The Publishers Corporation, Inc. Ltd. N.Y.

QUIZ FOR DRIVERS
WHO WANT MORE
MILEAGE

How many service stations sell **The Round Tire?**

The one that rolls 3,000 more miles, at least!



Check one:

☐ Under 5,000 ☐ Between 10,000 and 20,000 ☐ Around 30,000 ☐ Over 50,000

If you guessed over 50,000, that's pretty good thinking. How come so many? It's a matter of good business. The Atlas **PLYCRON**[®] tire—The Round Tire—delivers at least 3,000 more miles of wear than the tires that come on most new cars. And roundness is just one reason for those extra miles.

How come? For one thing, The Round Tire comes from a rounder mold—a mold precision engraved to within 3,1000 of an inch of perfect round. Other molds can be out of round by as much as 30/1000 of an inch. And our rounder molds are just one example of the extra care taken in making Atlas Plycron tires.

Cord strength, wrap-around tread—lots of other details are important, too. The point is, only a tire this carefully made can give you the extra miles you want.

You can expect at least 3,000 more miles from the Atlas **PLYCRON** tire. Tests prove it!

ATLAS PLYCRON

Atlas Tires • Batteries • Accessories • Sold at over 50,000 leading service stations

*Trade-marks "Atlas" "Plycron" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1966 Atlas Supply Co.

Another big Selznick production

Gene Selznick's Sand & Sea Club dominated the nationals



A GIANT AMONG COACHES: Gene had three teams finish first, two without a loss.

Every year the U.S. Volleyball Association national championships attract the same gifted athletes from clubs and YMCAs around the country but, like bright bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, the players seldom show up in the same combinations. It is not unusual for a man to represent three different teams in three years. At the 1966 championships, held last week just outside Grand Rapids, it was as if the kaleidoscope had broken and all the glass had fallen into one glittering lump—the Sand & Sea Club of Santa Monica, Calif.

So powerful was Sand & Sea that, after winning the AAU title two weeks ago, it divided into three entries for the more important USVBA event. The players 35 years and older, led by Gene Selznick, won the senior division without losing a game. Sand & Sea Green, coached by Gene Selznick, won the Open Division, also without the loss of a game. And Sand & Sea White, featuring Gene Selznick, finished sixth in the Open, which included 39 entries. In addition, Gene coached the winning women's team and introduced a new magazine called *Volleyball Close Up*, turning the tournament into the biggest Selznick production since David O. filmed *Gene With the Wind*.

Selznick is a 36-year-old Los Angeles parking lot operator who had played for many teams—Hollywood YMCA, Pasadena YMCA, Long Beach Century Club and Westside Jewish Community Center—but not the 1964 Olympic team, a snub he feels was partially avenged last year when he helped take Westside to the USVBA title. Now he is volleyball majordomo at Sand & Sea. The club attracted its mass of talent late last year after a group of U.S. stars, including Selznick, toured Canada playing matches against the Russians, the finest volleyball players in the world. The U.S. team did not win a single match, but it did win two games (a match is best of three) and the U.S. players were so pleased with their progress that they decided to stick together under Selznick.

At Grand Rapids, most of the best players were on the Green team, and they were adored and feared before they ever played a match in the Calvin College field house, site of the double-elimination tournament. Spectators and members of other teams gathered just to watch them warm up, blanching when Mike Wright, former international pad-

dleboard champion from Hermosa Beach, leaped high above the top of the net and spiked the ball straight down in the opposing court, nearly making a dent in the floor. And there was Rudy Sumata, nicknamed "Tas" or "The Tasmanian Devil" because he screamed and snarled at the Russians in Canada and drew an official tut-tut. "The Russians wouldn't talk to me," he said. "They pointed at me and said, 'Bad sport.'" And there were Dennis Duggan, whose slams land with the heaviness of bowling balls; Jack Henn, perhaps the finest all-round player in the nation; and Bob Hogan and Ron Lang, two setters with delicate hands that a surgeon would envy.

One of the few stars not with Sand & Sea was Pete Velasco, a friendly Honolulu longshoreman who was captain of the Olympic team at Tokyo and is the mainstay of the Outrigger Canoe Club. Quick and ambidextrous, he was voted the outstanding player in last year's tourney. This year his team was given the best chance to knock off Selznick's Green team. If the Outrigger's could not outfit, outblock or outdig Sand & Sea, they might be able to blind them with their blue-flowered shorts. When the two teams met Saturday afternoon, Outrigger raced off to a 9-1 lead, but Sand & Sea, used to the constant tough competition that Outrigger cannot find in distant Hawaii, settled down and fought back to 9 all. Outrigger pulled away again to 14-9 but then, a point away from defeat, Sand & Sea started blocking superbly. Outrigger's hitters saw their own spikes come right back at them so often they must have thought they were playing handball. Sand & Sea won 16-14 and easily took the second game 15-5.

This put the Outrigger's in the loser's bracket where they had to fight for another crack at Sand & Sea on Saturday night. The Hawaiians succeeded, winning three games to defeat Westside. Perhaps to change their luck, they showed up for the finale in red-flowered shorts instead of blue, but it did no good. Sand & Sea won 13-10 (when time ran out) and 15-13, and that was it.

The Outrigger's had one consolation. Sand & Sea's great digger and setter, Bob Hogan, plans to return to the 16-lands next season and play on Waikiki Beach, as he did last year. And so the kaleidoscope turns. Even Gene Selznick can't prevent that.

END

PLYMOUTH TAKES 2 MORE MAJOR STOCK CAR RACES



Norm Nelson takes the Yankee "300", Indianapolis Raceway Park, May 1st.



Richard Petty wins Rebel "400", Darlington, N.C., April 30th.

Norm Nelson's victory in the Yankee "300" . . . Richard Petty's first in the Darlington Rebel "400" add two back-to-back wins to Plymouth's string of stock car triumphs.



So far this year, Hemi-powered Plymouth Belvederes have taken the last four major NASCAR races. In addition to the Rebel "400" win, a Hemi Belvedere driven by Richard Petty was first in the Daytona "500", Paul Goldsmith took his Plymouth to a first in the Peach Blossom "300", and

Jim Hurtubise took the Atlanta "500" in his Plymouth Belvedere. And winning the Yankee "300" proves that Plymouth's off to the same kind of running that took it to last year's USAC Championship.

Of course you can't buy a racing Plymouth like the specially modified cars that won these grueling races. But the same engineering know-how that makes

these racing Hemis great goes into every '66 Plymouth you can buy at your Plymouth Dealer's. Test-drive one of them . . . Belvedere, Fury, Valiant or Barracuda . . . you'll see what we mean by great engineering. And you'll see why Plymouth sales have more than doubled in the past three years. Check out a winner at your Plymouth Dealer's today.

Plymouth ... a great car by Chrysler Corporation.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



Now you can
get out of
sand traps
easily.

WHY?

I've designed my new '66 Sure-Out! Wedge to all but play itself out of sand — where most golfers need help. The Sure-Out's rounded sole design bounces your ball out of sand so easily and accurately it's been called "The only shot in the bag you can buy!"

Try my new '66 Sure-Out at your Pro Shop. Once you do, you'll never try another trap shot without it.

Ben Hogan



BEN HOGAN

Manufactured by Ben Hogan Company, Inc., 10000 North Central Expressway, Dallas, Texas 75243

BOXING / Edwin Shraike

Ready for the bloodletting

Cassius Clay is in rare form for his title bout and Anglo-American relations are superb, but there is a problem: bleedin' 'Nry Cooper

The last time England had a world heavyweight championship fight, Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria was still six years away from catching the bullet that set off World War I. After next Saturday's match between Champion Muhammad Ali and Green-grocer Henry Cooper at the Arsenal football stadium, such boxing spectacles in London may not come along as regularly as once every 58 years, since there are fewer than 500 licensed professional fighters in all of England and not enough good heavyweights to overload a canoe.

Considered purely as a fistfight, the Ali-Cooper affair is lacking in conflict, despite desperate publicity attempts to make Cooper's left hook sound like instant anesthesia. But considered as history and with the probability of enough blood to cause spectators to feel satisfactorily guilty, the event has sufficient drama to pull a sellout crowd of 46,000 to Arsenal stadium, to play to at least 20 closed-circuit theaters in England and to be transmitted over Early Bird to the United States, Canada, Mexico, Puerto Rico and Louisville, where the champion's draft board will be watching with interest.

With that sort of exposure in the offing, the two fighters were invited to tea last week by Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who subsequently backed out, officially because of a seamen's strike. "The Prime Minister is not interested in boxing, but he is interested in Anglo-American relations," explained Arthur Lewis, M.P. for West Ham, though the sight of a bleeding Englishman could hardly help either side.

That Cooper will bleed is almost a certainty. He has a great overhanging brow, bulbous cheekbones and so much scar tissue that his eyebrows look as if they had been burned away with a hot iron. In his fight with Clay three years

ago, Cooper's brows were gushing blood profusely by the third round, so profusely, in fact, that Elizabeth Taylor at ringside was shouting to stop the mess two rounds before it ended. Cooper's twin brother, Jim, also a fighter and a bleeder of note, had his brow bones filed down by surgery to provide a less craggy landing zone for punches. But for this fight Henry Cooper is resorting to other extremes—slashing his brows with brine, rubbing them with a salve that has an alum base and taking pills that he says are loaded with special vitamins that strengthen his scars.

When the referee—George Smith, a 54-year-old cashier in the city collector's office in Edinburgh—was appointed last week, Cooper's manager immediately warned him not to be misled by a mere torrent of gore. "I want Smith to mind his own business," said Jim Wicks, 73. "How much Henry bleeds is my business, not Smith's. I'm the one who stopped the last fight, and if there's any stopping to be done this time I'll do it. I nearly stopped the last fight in the third round because Henry's face was streaming with blood. But Henry asked me to let him keep on because he could catch Clay—I did and Henry did."

That was the moment that has built the gate for this fight: Cooper caught Cassius Clay—who was not yet Muhammad Ali—in a corner and hit him with a left hook that dumped the future champion. Clay was hurt more by the indignity of it all than by the punch, but there is now a myth that Clay was on the verge of being knocked out, was saved by the bell and was further helped when Trainer Angelo Dundee stalled for time by pointing out that Clay had a split glove.

Downstairs in the Thomas & Beckett pub on Old Kent Road, where Cooper trains, is a pair of framed gloves with

continued



you'll be sitting pretty...seeing plenty

A TERNSTEDT 6-WAY POWER SEAT FITS ALL FORMS OF DRIVERS...TO A "T"



Whether you're tall or petite or in-between, *this* seat promises you driving comfort fit for a queen! Headroom, legroom, arm reach and visibility are always just right because you adjust Ternstedt's 6-way power seat to suit *yourself*. Simply touch a switch and move forward or backward, up or down, or tilt forward or back. Tilting gives you added leg and back support that's especially restful on long drives. And you can get in and out of your car easily . . . gracefully by moving the seat down and back. Order a Ternstedt 6-way power seat on your new General Motors car. Then start enjoying *personalized* seating comfort for a change. You'll get quality, too . . . with a capital GM.



FOR A DEMONSTRATION, SEE YOUR CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK OR CADILLAC DEALER



The '66 Hogan Ball is superior or I wouldn't play it. WHY?

Uniform, repeating high performance is built into my '66 golf balls. The "Great Circle" winding principle, plus the industry's costliest inspections, give you a ball with better distance and accuracy on shot after shot.

Get this ball at your Pro Shop today and play it on your next round. You'll use a Hogan golf ball on every shot.

Ben Hogan



BEN HOGAN

© 1966 BEN HOGAN & COMPANY, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. MADE IN U.S.A.

BOXING

a sign that identifies them as the ones that knocked down Clay and, in elaboration: "These gloves did not split." The Thomas & Beckett pub is managed by Tommy Gibbons, a former heavyweight (indigenous, not Shelby, variety). Against one wall is a cage containing a myna bird that says, "What'll you 'ave?" The Fabulous Lino Brothers—music, music and music—perform on the stage, and when Cooper enters to climb the stairs to his tiny gym there is likely to be a rock 'n' roll band warming up while Gibbons hands mugs of dark ale across the bar to men who look as if they work for a living.

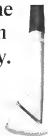
The upstairs gym, which was made by knocking out the interior walls of the flat of someone who had Paris scenes on his wallpaper, is small and bare. Where the bedroom was is the ring, which is about the size of most bedrooms in mass-development houses. Ex-Light Heavyweight Champion Georges Carpentier—now a slim and elegant 72—marched off the ring on a visit last week and found it to be four paces square, or 12 feet. The ring for the fight will be 20 feet square. That means that after working in his cramped gym ring, Cooper on fight night will feel as if he is chasing Clay around a pasture.

"It don't matter about the size of the ring," said Wacks. "Henry's got to catch up to Clay anyhow. Besides, we like to work here. Tommy Gibbons is one of my old fighters, and we like to see him do the business."

The day before his visit to Cooper, Carpenter had made an inspection call on Muhammad Ali's big gym at White City in the headquarters of a parachute regiment. "You ever see a heavyweight faster than me?" Clay had asked, typically, although the champion has been very quiet, serious and almost boyishly shy on this trip to England. "No," replied Carpenter. After watching Cooper spend three rounds among left hooks—Cooper's right being used mainly for belting with the shoelaces—at sparring partner Jimmy Fletcher, the Frenchman leaned across the ropes and spoke to the British champion. "Don't give him any space. Stay on top of him," said Carpenter. Cooper nodded. That is precisely the plan, since Cooper's only chance of winning the fight before seeking the referee with blood is to get inside a four-inch-reach disadvantage and hang a left hook on Muhammad Ali's jaw.



Now you can hit the green easily.



WHY?

I've put a specially broad, rocker sole on my new '66 Sure-On Wedge, to lift the ball out of the toughest lies. And, you can stop the ball on the green and save strokes.

Hit a few approach shots with the new '66 Sure-On Wedge next time you're at your Pro Shop. You'll have the Sure-On in hand for every approach shot.

Ben Hogan



BEN HOGAN

© 1966 BEN HOGAN & COMPANY, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. MADE IN U.S.A.

"I'm convinced that Northwestern Mutual Life leads in providing lowest cost for policyowners."

JOHN T. PIERSON, JR., 34, Harvard Business School Graduate, President,
Vendo International, Kansas City, Missouri



"My Northwestern Mutual Life agent happens to be a good friend. I can remember when he was first considering life insurance as a career. He began by making a thorough study of all major companies.

"His decision to stake his whole future on NML naturally gave me a feeling of confidence. Here was the company I wanted to do business with.

"And when I saw the facts and figures on dividend histories and cash values, they really provided the clincher. No doubt about it, Northwestern Mutual furnishes me the best in life insurance at really low net cost.

"In addition, NML service includes a

full review of my financial picture each year. My agent is well informed on the current tax situation and is continually working to keep my life insurance arrangements up-to-date. This service, I'm sure, will help save my estate a lot of money."

There is a difference... and the difference grows

Northwestern Mutual's 1966 increased dividend scale has reduced the cost of its life insurance—the 12th such decrease in 14 years.

Here is how a typical NML policyowner benefits. A 35-year-old man who bought a \$10,000 whole life policy in

1952 will receive \$134.70 in dividends in 1966, instead of the \$81.10 based on the 1952 scale.

Year after year, better-than-average return on investments, an exceptionally low mortality experience, and low operating expense make NML a national leader in low net cost life insurance.

For maximum quality life insurance at the lowest net cost, please call your nearest NML agent.

**NORTHWESTERN
MUTUAL LIFE**
MILWAUKEE



Down on the farm, Barbara Pierson and daughters get acquainted with horses raised on land the family owns north of Kansas City.

Bring the papoose for free.
Let Hilton worry about it.



Hilton's Family Plan is simple. Children stay free of charge when they room with their parents. You get children's meals at small-try prices. Cribs, bubs, bottle warming and baby sitters always available—even medical service. And we give your little Indians something to play with. Put them on your reservation. At Hilton hotels they're welcome.

For Reservations: Call any Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book) or any Hilton or Statler Hilton hotel or inn.

HILTON HOTELS

KIMBALL Fiber Glass

SNOW skis

WATER skis



The tough new all glass makes skiing trouble-free. Scientific design makes skiing easy, more fun. One excellent warranty. See your dealer.

KES

KIMBALL-SCHMIDT, INC.
SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

KES

KEEP FEET DRY, COOL, COMFORTABLE



**Foot
Powder**

**Shake Into
Shoes**

Walking ease from morning till night!
Don't suffer from hot, tired, itching feet. Every morning, apply soothing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder to your feet. Also shake powder into shoes. Keeps feet cool and dry. Helps eliminate foot odor; helps ease new or tight shoes. Use daily for proper foot care. Also Spray-On Powder.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

TROJAN INBOARD CRUISERS



for 1966 are more wonderful than ever. Send for free color literature which profiles and describes every model.

TROJAN BOAT CO.
DEPT. 6 LANCASTER, PA. 17604



Rich, moist,
aromatic
**BOND
STREET**
stays lit



BOXING continued

"It's no good just following him, going after him," Cooper had said earlier. "You've got to corner him, cut across, make angles. You've got to bustle him right from the bell, but you must do it scientificlike. He's not half as good a fighter if he can't get on his bike and jab. You mustn't give him time to think and box. You must move from the hips. Clay has looked best against big guys who are ponderous and throw right hands. Clay has got some very amateurish ways. Most good fighters will lean forward on the side to slip punches, but Clay leans backward. If you follow through with three straight left hands, he goes back until he can't go back no further and you catch him. He's not a great puncher, either. You wouldn't stack your chin out and say, 'Go on, hit me on the chin,' but he couldn't knock you out with one punch, either. He hasn't really got his feet planted on the ground. He's off balance. Instead, his fighting is an accumulated effect. He can wear you down or cut you after about five to eight rounds. If you get him inside, he's very amateurish. He looks to the referee instead of fighting back and punching to the body. He wants to get you with his long left hand."

Cooper, 32, is 192 pounds to Muhammad Ali's 24 and 204 lighted the champagne has been since his first Liston fight.

"At Cooper's age they get mean and tough," the champion said, with an eye on the gate. Maybe so, but they do not get faster, and on the best day of his life Cooper was not a good enough boxer to keep Muhammad enough of that—to keep Cassius Clay's fists out of his face. Clay may not be a Louis or a Dempsey as a puncher, but, as Dundee says, his punches do cut, as they did Liston in the first fight. And Cooper can cut himself putting on his lap.

So Cooper will go into the Arsenal stadium on Saturday dwelling on the prospect of one left hook arriving where it is supposed to. In boxing there is always that prospect for a puncher, but Clay, who cannot get a fight in his own country except with the politician-patriots, should be able to avoid "Ernie's" hammer. Meanwhile, he has tuned up his own punch by working on an 83-pound bag that he ordered flown from Miami. He did not use the heavy bag before his two previous fights. But neither was much in the way of busting. **END**



The only way you can do more for your golf game is to take a lesson

You've got a lot going for you when you play Wilson K-28® golf equipment. Powerful Strato-Bloc® woods. Accurate Dynamic-Balanced irons. And the top quality ball at your sporting goods dealer's. With a combination like that, the rest of your foursome will soon be taking lessons from you.

PLAY TO WIN WITH
Wilson

anybody. But it was his first experience with this kind of public pressure."

Graustark's last workout for the Blue Grass was three-eighths of a mile in 33.45 seconds. It seemed an astonishingly fast prep for a distance race, especially on a slippery track. And Graustark came back lame. Gentry showed signs of panic. He blamed the injury on Blacksmith Hallock, who had shod 10 Derby winners. "That blacksmith," said Gentry, "must've drove a nail in wrong." He did not say why he had failed to notice the misplaced nail in the five days between the shoeing and the workout.

Despite the soreness Gentry announced that Graustark would still run in the Blue Grass. "It's a gamble," he admitted. "But I feel he needs this race at a mile and an eighth to be fit for the Derby."

This was the most difficult and controversial of a long series of decisions. And it was Boo Gentry's decision. "He trained the horse," said Galbreath. "I've always felt that it is presumptuous

to hire a trainer and then try to do it yourself."

So Gentry gambled his multi-million-dollar horse in order to make the \$125,000 Kentucky Derby. He lost. Graustark opened a wide lead on the backstretch of the sloppy Keeneland track. Then something went wrong. Braulio Boera, the most adroit of riders, sensed it immediately and tried to straighten out Graustark. "But the rest of the way," Boera said, "I could feel him trying to bear out." His long lead vanished, and Abe's Hope pulled ahead by half a length. When Graustark saw the other colt in front, he fought back. His mighty stride was shorter now, and every step was painful. But he inched closer to Abe's Hope. At the wire Graustark lost by a nose. It was his only defeat, but it was also his most remarkable effort. He had suffered a fractured coffin bone in his left front hoof.

Graustark was withdrawn from the Derby. A few days later he was retired from racing. When he was healthy

enough to be put in a van, he was shipped to the farm in Lexington. Nobody will ever know if he could have been a super-horse. In any case he will certainly be one of the highest-priced stallions, and his stud career will be supervised by Boo's uncle, Olin Gentry.

Boo Gentry returned to New York to handle the other Darby Dan horses. Last Friday morning, I stopped at his barn. He looked up from the legs of a horse he was massaging. "What the hell do you want now?" he said. "Haven't you reporters done enough to me? I got nothing to say, and if I did have I wouldn't tell you."

It was suggested that in fairness to him he might want a chance to answer some of the criticism that people have made of him.

"No," he missed. "I won't answer nothing. Now get the hell out of here."

Then Boo Gentry wheeled and stalked back to the stable to seek the quiet company of several Thoroughbred racehorses that are in his care. **END**



Old Spice —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!



© 1991 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Make sure you like it before you buy it. You know how long Volkswagens last.

1,141,141,141 is a Volkswagen. Volkswagen is the beauty of the Beetle. It's one of the most reliable cars that can't boil water or freeze and averages 28 miles per gallon. At 64 mph, it's pretty good for a car that goes 64 miles per hour.

It's actually cut in a lot of what makes the egg so cool. We also put in a lot of what makes it last so nice for so long.

Quality

The Volkswagen Beetle is made the same way Volkswagens were made ten years ago. Since most of them are still around, that couldn't be too bad.

It goes through 3,120 inspections. Nothing gets into the car that isn't perfect.

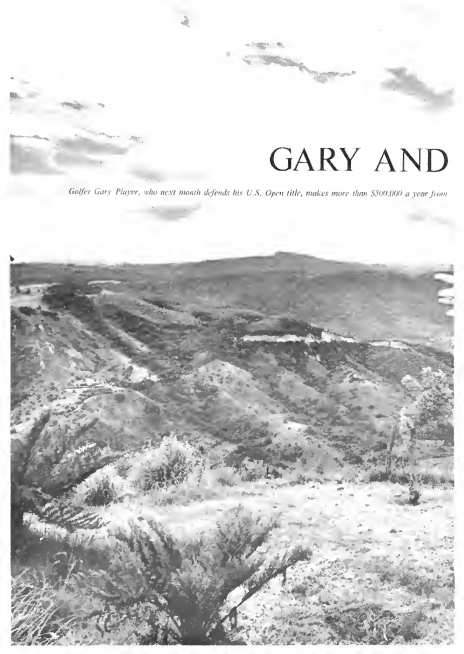
For a scratch on the color that only a trained VW inspector could cover, you

Get a lot more than you expect

VW will take 214,321 Swift with what you can see. The Swift job involves 2 chemical baths, 3 sandblasts by hand and 3 coats of paint.



So, for a long time, like the front. The last one to pick a color you can live with a long time.



GARY AND

Golfer Gary Player, who next month defends his U.S. Open title, makes more than \$500,000 a year from

HIS BELOVED COUNTRY

the game, but he yearns for a life with his family on his South African farm

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

CONTINUED



The little man in the black shirt and black trousers and white cap was practicing golf shots. He had stationed his caddy 200 yards down the practice fairway at the Houghton golf course in Johannesburg, which is in South Africa, that rich, loamy, exciting, depressing, spirited, tormented land, and now he was putting one shot after another between the caddy's legs. Byron Nelson used to say that accuracy was knocking your ball boy down with a shot and then landing three more on his head before he could get up, and that is what would have happened if this caddy had not been alert.

The presence of the little man had drawn a semicircle of admirers, some of them black Africans, or "nonwhites" in the lexicon of South African municipal sign painters. Apartheid—enforced separation of the races—is the official policy in South Africa, but what is actually practiced there is a caste system. The signs in restaurants and at teller windows may separate, but elbows and interests rub all the time and there is an obvious interdependence. In the case of this golfer, black hands reach out to him as eagerly as do white.

They called him "Geddy," the privileged among the admirers, who were carrying on with the little man hitting the balls. They admired his precision, joked with him, offered him tips. If it burdened his concentration, Gary Player did not let on. He encouraged the colloquy. He listened attentively to all the advice. In that respect he is cousin to the hacker, for he will investigate every piece of fribbling criticism from every fly-by-night critic. His father, his father-in-law and his wife happen to be fine golfers and he listens to them, but then if a total stranger tells him he is setting his eyebrow all wrong for the downswing he sincerely wants to know which eyebrow. What he seeks and applies to his exceptional talent for directing a golf ball is, however, quite another matter. He clicked off one impeccable shot after another as he talked. "I am hitting the ball so well it scares me," he said. He often says this, with good reason.

The man in the circle nearest the golfer was Harry (Whiskey) Player. He is the little man's father, and he is twice Gary's size. He looks like Victor McLaglen—same baggy eyes, lump nose, sloping boulevard body. Same delightful McLaglen laugh that, once begun, dwindles only when all the breath is gone from the body. Whiskey Player made his living 10,000 feet underground for 30 years, and when he came up he had a gold miner's pension and a hard case of phthisis. He can speak English, Afrikaans (the language of the ruling Boers, a sort of pidgin Dutch) and six native languages, including Zulu, Sesuthu and Hosa.

There was a time, some years ago, when Whiskey Player was the only gallery Gary had. He slogged faithfully along beside him then and has never to this day been far removed from his son's shoulder, hovering there like a giant Mpundulu bird even when bullied by the excited crowds at places like St. Andrews, Aronimink and Augusta. The Mpundulu is the Zulu bird of conscience, and that is what the old man is. He searches for the flaws and leads the cheers—"Geddy, that's the finest golf shot you ever made," and,

"Geddy, if you live to be a thousand you will never hit it any better"—and makes himself handy for those rare moments when Gary Player needs somebody to snap at.

Whiskey Player got his name as a young man of action at a downtown Johannesburg hotel years ago. He had led a delegation of miners into the hotel to celebrate the impending marriage of one of their number and, when refused anything appropriate to celebrate with, he clambered up on the table and shouted, "We want whiskey!" "All of us Players were high-strung," he said as he stood watching his son practice. "That's the fantastic thing about Geddy, the way he has mastered himself. I would have flapped. I would have had my chips under all that pressure. Not him. Oh, when it was just the two of us out there we bloody well had our fights, all right. He'd tell me he couldn't make it, and I'd tell him he was talking rot. I'd tell him he was falling back off his shots, and he'd say, 'I don't want to hear it,' and I'd say, 'Well, the hell with you,' and then later he'd put his arm around me and kiss me and say, 'I'm sorry, Dad. I just got to explode sometime and you are the only one who can take it.'" Gary Player says no one ever had a father like Whiskey Player.

Near the conversation but ignoring it as they played with two Negro boys were the sons of Gary Player—Mark, age 5, and Wayne, 4. Markie and Wayne, he calls them. They were occupied with a plastic gun that shot little pellets of potato. Mark extracted the pellets from a huge baking potato he was carrying by digging the barrel of the gun into the potato. Gary paused between shots to caution Mark not to kill anybody and to let the other boys have a turn. Mark handed over the gun to one of the native boys.

Gary Player can be quippish at these relaxed times and at the asking will do an acrobatic imitation of Arnold Palmer's powerful, contorted golf swing. On the follow-through he rolls and jerks his head in the Palmer manner—a reoster trying to follow the flight of the ball, first with one eye, then the other. Player did a rubber-leg, quaking-voice Elvis Presley for an American television audience some time ago, and friends who saw it said he would be a regular in Johannesburg if South Africa only had television. Reasons why it does not, in an otherwise modern, prospering society, are not altogether clear, but they probably have to do with the Boers' protective attitude toward their language—only two million Afrikaners are left in the world—and the strong suspicion of the Dutch Reformed Church that television is corrupting. One political party campaigned during the last election on a pro-TV platform. It did not win many votes.

But now, with this intimate group, Gary Player was talking about himself. The subject happens to be a serious one with him because Gary Player is a simple man, and the simple man in him is larger than the celebrity he has become. He continually struggles for expression. In large measure he reflects the mood of his country: sensitive to criticism, fiercely proud of achievement but not fully understanding the implications of it, craving solitude but wanting to be heard,

fearful that in trying to please he will please not—that he will be misunderstood or misinterpreted—perplexed that he does not know all the answers. The trouble was, somebody said, that he tried too hard, that he wanted everybody to like him. Player straightened. When he is intent the dark brown eyes that glow through the hollows of his heavy lashes become perfectly round and, with his short black hair combed straight up, they give him a look of protracted astonishment. "Don't you?" he said. "My word, don't you want everybody to like you?"

He said that his worst moments, the times he seemed to please least, were here in South Africa, in his own country that he loves so much. He said it was a bloody discouraging thing. When he wore flashy clothes, people said he was "ostentatious." When he wore black, people said why not white? And when he wore white, people wanted to know what he was selling, ice cream or bus tickets? Why did he have to have that great big Cadillac car? That big house? He said he thought some people actually wanted him to lose. He said he could not appreciate the theory that it was natural for sporting people to pull for an underdog (Harold Henning is currently No. 1 underdog to top-dog Player in South Africa, and Henning is handsome and well liked), because that meant discounting the time and the energy and the hard work it takes for a man to get to the top. A man like Ben Hogan, for example. "I would always root for a man like Hogan," he said. "A man who works at the game. Any man who thinks he can be a golfer without working at it has bloody cheek."

And then there was this thing with Papwa. Sewmunkar Sewgolum, called Papwa, is a South African of Indian descent—designated "colored" in the country's pragmatic social structure—who has been competing with whites there for some time despite laws that prohibit race mixing in sports. In a recent tournament in Germiston, Papwa's Indian supporters among a finely marbled gallery of black, colored and white became unruly, kicking balls around and making a lot of noise. The government declared Papwa ineligible to play in white tournaments. Player was approached for comment in the heart of the tournament by a writer friend, John Hildyard of the Johannesburg Star. "I don't know, John, what should I say?" Player asked. Hildyard suggested he just say that golf was his game, not politics. "That should not offend anybody," said Hildyard.

But the reply did offend—or at least got caught in the crusader's craw of an opposition newspaper's woman columnist, Molly Reinhardt, the Dorothy Kálgallan of South Africa. Molly seized the opportunity to tee off on Player for not standing up for Papwa. Player tried painfully hard to make plain his belief that the Verwoerd government is doing the best it can in a difficult situation. He called Molly Reinhardt a "sweet old lady." Molly pounced on that one, too. She now had the most popular South African name in the world on the tip of her épée, and her readership soared. She said she did not mind being called old, or a



Gary's Told, Whiskey Player, writes as friend, counselor and buffer

lady, but sweet she never was. Letters to the editor, pro Player and con, glutted the mails and were run every Sunday under a streamer, MOLLY-GARY LETTERS.

"What you should have called her," said a man in the group watching Player hit practice shots, "was not a sweet old lady. You should have called her an ugly old hag. People would have understood that."

But name-calling is not one of Gary Player's accomplishments. Nor is a comprehension of politics. Nevertheless, Player wants so much to be a patriot and to set an example of what the good (and misunderstood) South African really is that he does not think he can afford to be misinterpreted in such matters. "And then," he said, continuing, "when I am on the golf course and look grim, I am told I do not smile enough. Well, my word, I want you to tell me, George, is this a bloody smiling contest?"

Brought into the discourse was a well-dressed man in his 50s. George Blumberg made his fortune in paper bags and, now that he has it made, he and his darkly handsome wife, Brenda, spend much of their time trailing Gary Player around the golf courses of the world. If Whiskey Player is Gary Player's Mpundulu bird, George Blumberg is his mother hen. Gary respects and confides in intelligent people. He confides in George Blumberg.

"Gary," said George (precise, paternal), "I will tell you something you must always remember. Popularity is something nonachievers try to substitute for achievement. All you must strive for, Gary, is achievement, nothing else. And hitting through the ball."

continued

Gary Player hit through another ball. Down the fairway the caddy hopped out of the way as it thudded down. Blumberg said, "Gary imagines most of this, you know. He is the greatest thing that ever happened to South African golf. He gives so much of himself. He thinks people want him to lose, and some people might, but if he were not in many of the tournaments here they would not have sponsors to sponsor them. You would never guess how many young golfers he has helped financially. I would bet more than half in this country. Did you know he has talked of sponsoring Papwa on the American tour? He would not want me to tell you that, because it would look like he was trying to save face with Molly, but it's true. You will never hear him say anything about it."

"The trouble is, of course, that he is a hero, and heroes have it the hardest in their own country. With Gary it's even harder because he takes everything so seriously. But do not ever believe that any outside problem affects his golf. Just look at him hit that ball. He has complete control over his mind when he is on the golf course. That is why he is such a great competitor. He is right now at the peak of his game. He could go on winning major tournaments for years and years."

Whiskey Player said, "Gary has promised me he would quit at 35."

"Gary is all the time asking me when he will be able to retire," said Blumberg. "I tell him he can retire when he is willing to accept a lesser life for himself and his family. He

wants to be a farmer, he says, but what he really wants is to be a *gentleman* farmer."

"You must go up and see my farm," said Gary Player. "Then you will realize how wonderful a life that is. On my word of honor, it is so beautiful up there it is fantastic. The trees, the mountains, the horses. You are really living when you are farming. It's true, I would rather farm than play golf. I would rather ride a horse than play golf."

"Now look, you must make it clear I am grateful to golf. I love golf, you follow? I am grateful for the opportunities it has given me. But I don't think it's living, traveling all over the world and being in Japan or someplace thousands of miles away when your son has a birthday or your daughter is sick. Calling home once a week is not enough, you follow? I leave home torn to pieces. How can I call that a superlife? I believe the superlife is on the farm, near to basics. Very few people know what farming is anymore. It is like trying to explain golf to someone who has never tried it. You can't convince them."

"It is my opinion," said George Blumberg, "that you would be a fine farmer for about two months, and then you would read in the paper that someone else is the best golfer in South Africa, and you would come running down out of those hills as fast as your little legs would carry you. That is what I think of your farming, Gary Player."

At age 30, in the prime of life and at the peak of his profession, Gary Jim Player of South Africa is an enormously wealthy man. He is handsome. He has his teeth and all his

continued



A bog on physical culture, Player demonstrates a one-handed push-up to his family in Johannesburg.



How much should you give to charity?

New booklet discusses the place of charity in your budget... may help you give more wisely!

Since so many worthwhile charities ask us to help, the average American is often perplexed. Should you give a little bit to many organizations or larger amounts to a select few? How much should you give? What do others give? What's the best way to contribute—through united appeals or so individual drives?

In the interest of helping you clarify a sometimes complex picture, New York Life is offering a new booklet called "Charity and the Family Budget."

While no single pattern of giving is right for every family, you'll find helpful guidelines on the meaning and functions of charity, the many ways

you can contribute, and on apportioning money where you feel it will help do the most good.

This informative booklet also puts you on guard against fraudulent appeals. And it contains some convenient reminders about tax deductions on charitable gifts. Taking note of the author's suggestions may help you "spend" your charity dollars more thoughtfully.

Get your free copy! If you care at all about helping others (and most

everyone does!), you'll find that "Charity and the Family Budget" makes rewarding reading. For a free copy, just clip the coupon or ask your New York Life Agent. He's a good man to know!

THIS COUPON MAY BE PASSED ON A POSTCARD
New York Life Insurance Company
Box 10, Madison Square Station
New York, New York 10070

Please send me a free copy of
"Charity and the Family Budget"

I am ☐ am not ☐ a New York Life policy owner.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ County _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Annuities
Health Insurance • Pension Plans





Before every encounter

Arm yourself with Max Factor's bold new fragrance, Royal Regiment. Rugged, leather-fresh After-Shave Lotion, Cologne and Heroic-Size Soap. From 3.50.

Royal Regiment
by Max Factor



POWER YOUR PLAY

ASHAWAY VANTAGE
For Tournament Play
Acorns, Stringing Cost
Tennis \$9
Badminton \$7

with
ASHAWAY
top-rated racket string

ASHAWAY PRO-FECTED
For Club Play
Acorns, Stringing Cost
Tennis \$7
Badminton \$6

LASTS LONGER - STAYS LIVELIER
MOISTURE IMMUNE

ASHAWAY MULTI-PLY
For Recreational Play
Acorns, Stringing Cost
Tennis \$6
Badminton \$4

ASHAWAY PRODUCTS, INC., Ashaway, Rhode Island



to us you're a King

And rank hath its privileges—among them the Benson's elegance and hospitality. Air conditioned guest rooms. Royal-size beds. Regal service and dining in two world-famous restaurants—the London Grill and Trades Vic's. Rates much less than a king's ransom. We await the royal command. For reservations:

N.Y. PL 2-9100 Wash. D.C. DI 7-0000
Chicago, TR 2-1119 Los Angeles, ST 9-0837
San Francisco, EX 7-1464 Seattle, MU 2-6181
or any Hotel Corporation of America
or Western International Hotel.

THE BENSON on Broadway
228-9611 PORTLAND, OREGON
HCA AND WESTERN HOTELS
ONE WORLD OF KING HOTELS

GARY PLAYER continued

black hair and a compact (5 feet 7, 153 pounds), well-developed body that he caters to by eating brown sugar and wheat germ and lifting heavy weights. He has a white villa with balconies on an acre of terraced ground in the fashionable Lower Houghton section of Johannesburg, a city of one and a quarter million people. The landscaping is richly colored with hydrangeas, dahlias, hibiscus and jacaranda. There are a rose garden and a fish pond and a swimming pool big as a tennis court, and he can hit a nine-iron shot from his backyard to the fairways of the Kailarney golf course. It could be Santa Monica, or Coral Gables.

Hanging from the living room walls are originals by Gabriel de Jongh, the South African painter. There are murals and bronze castings and a replica of the Venus de Milo residing on a plinth in the foyer. The ceilings are high, the rooms are large and the freezer is loaded. There are six bedrooms in the house and adjoining quarters for four servants. A night watchman comes on at dusk. The house has a burglar alarm and a steel mesh fence wired into the alarm that separates the upstairs bedrooms from the main floor. This is not peculiar in Johannesburg in the 1960s. Revolt is not imminent, one is told, but burglars are. The petty-crime rate is high. Player calls the house Augusta (the name is on a pillar by the front gate) for his victory in the 1961 Masters.

The Player country retreat, his monastery, the ranch he calls a farm, is a thousand acres of profit potential in a small corner of the beautiful, muscular Drakensberg Mountains 200 miles north of Jo-burg. This is high veld country, where the rains gather and timber grows twice as fast as it might, and in his section, Magenta's (Ma-lco-bus) Kloof, there are great folds in the earth, and the mist tumbles into them in the evening. He has two houses on the property, his own smaller one and one for the family of his manager, John Clarke, and a ksaal of rondavels (round mud-and-thatch huts) that the natives on his staff built for their families. Clarke and the staff run the farm and plant the blue-green conifers that will soon make Gary Player

continued



load instantly...

...shoot terrific Super 8 movies with a new Kodak Instamatic Movie Camera!



Just drop in the film and shoot brighter, sharper movies than you've ever seen on a home screen. No threading, no midpoint flip-over—the KODAK Movie Cartridge is factory-loaded for you. The KODAK INSTAMATIC M2 Movie Camera has a fast f1.8 lens and built-in filter that lets you use the same film indoors and out. Battery drive—no winding. Shoot 50 feet of continuous film and get movies that are spectacularly bright and colorful. They're 50% larger in area on the film than on regular 8mm film. That's why you can show them only on a KODAK INSTAMATIC or other super 8 projector. M2 Camera, less than \$40.

Price subject to change without notice

Kodak

© 1980 Kodak Company



**At 8 miles an hour her door
locks automatically.**



**Her mother thinks we're right
to spend so much time on new ideas.**

All in? Seat belts fastened? Off you go. Oops! Forgot to lock the rear doors. Never mind—before you reach the corner in your new Mercury, the doors lock automatically.*

Seat belts and door locks? Is Ford playing it safe? Frankly, yes. We think time spent on new ideas for safety is well spent.

We thought so way back in 1927 when we introduced the first safety glass windshields.

And in 1956 when we introduced the most revolutionary package of safety ideas in the business. And in

1966 when we brought you no less than eight safety features as standard equipment — including 4-way emergency flasher lights.

Don't get the idea that all our new ideas wind up in automobiles. One of our scientists perfected a device to measure blood pressure inside the human heart.

Other new ideas improve our Philco refrigerators, color television sets, radios, phonographs, air conditioners, even kitchen ranges.

We'll go wherever a good idea takes us. Especially if it will mean more to you.

*Available on all 1966 four-door Mercury cars.

a lot of money. Last winter, when his friend Jack Nicklaus was coming to visit and play an exhibition series, Player built a \$3,000 dam to enlarge his lake and then stocked the lake with \$1,500 worth of trout so that Nicklaus, a fisherman, might better appreciate South Africa. He had Clarke build a rondavel at the water's edge in case they wanted to stay the night. He does not allow hunting on the property. He has strong feelings about the shooting of animals, forged by the admonishments of his older brother Ian, who is chief conservator of the Hluhluwe Game Reserve in Zululand. Player calls the ranch Bellverve (the name is painted on an archway at the entrance of the red-clay drive that leads up the mountain to his house) for the Bellverve Country Club in St. Louis, where he won the 1965 U.S. Open.

The center of the family life that so engages Gary Player is his wife, Vivienne "Vi," or "Love," who once played so well she had a two handicap and who early in their marriage beat Gary at his own game. Since then he has kept her occupied having Mark and Wayne, Jennifer, 7, Michele, 2, and Theresa, 10 months. They are fat, bright, energetic children, and Gary Player kisses them and rough-houses with them and caters to their whims. Wayne drools with laughter when attacked by his father's eight-fingered "tickler bird." Mark is the source of a unanimous family pride because he can do push-ups with one hand. Gary Player would like to have a dozen children.

Player named his son Mark after Mark McCormack, an American lawyer and naturalized member of the Player family who sees to it that the affairs of Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player are carried on in a crisp, intelligent manner—which is to say, making money hand over four-iron. Player is perpetually amazed by McCormack. His own education did not exceed the 11th grade and, innately trusting, Gary relies on better-informed people to direct him through the paths of finance and aggrandizement. "Isn't that something, Mark!" Gary exclaims when McCormack wows him with another piece of fiscal brilliance. It flatters Gary that people he does not know will buy shirts sim-

ply because the shirts bear his name, use Fiberglas golf clubs because he endorses them, chew Life Savers, write with Parker pens, fly Lufthansa and smear themselves with cosmetics and suntan oil. They will plow with International Harvester, drink Coca-Cola, eat United Fruit, ride on General Tires and fill up their tanks with Mobil. Feature films are made about him, a syndicated column is signed by him, and there is a new Gary Player Health Centre in Johannesburg so fat people can train down to look like him. He will earn more than half a million dollars in 1966. He does not know what to make of it all; he says he doesn't even know if it's right. "Everything is so wonderful that I think something terrible will happen."

If it were not for some cautioning hands, it is generally agreed that Gary Player's soft, philanthropic heart would run away with his pocketbook. He is a famous touch. He used to cover the charity league like a jolly greenback giant, and he has made many contributions to U.S. caddies in the form of "loans." He believes, this rich young man, that the haves of the world are obligated to the have-nots. He gave away his entire U.S. Open purse—\$20,000 to help American junior golf, \$5,000 to cancer research (Player's mother died of cancer when he was 8 years old.) He paid his caddy \$2,000. "Now," said McCormack, "everybody will know you gave all your money away," and sure enough the begging became such a chorus that Gary had to hire his older sister, Wilma, to screen his mail and his telephone calls. One man wanted 30,000 rand (about \$40,000) to start a business. A woman wanted her four sons sent through college. People offered to sell him horses, farms, inventions. McCormack is even suspicious that a florist who grandly named a rose the Gary Player might have had a thornier motive.

It is part of the curious Player psyche, however, that the more money he makes playing golf the less he wants to be remembered as a man who made a lot of money playing golf. He once told John Hildyard that what he wanted most in

continued

DASH!

Stainless steel wheel covers add a bright touch in dash to any stylish sportsman a dignified dash in elegance to the family car. What's more, they'll keep their handsome appearance for years—are as easy to clean as your windshield.

When you buy that beautiful new '66, be sure it has the durable dash of stainless steel wheel covers.

Armco Steel Corporation, Middletown, Ohio



ARMCO STEEL





Talk about a great resort vacation...



"Play challenging golf on a world-class 18-hole championship scenic course"



"Enjoy wild Hawaiian flora on picnics on the hillsides of the vast Parker Ranch"



"Splash in the surf, snorkel near a coral reef, sun on a sparkling crescent beach"

Mauna Kea gives you a wider variety of vacation fun than any other resort in the world. With two color leaders, Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, Box 218, Kaneohe, Hawaii. See travel agencies or Glen W. Fawcett, Inc., 1010 West, Robert T. Werner, Inc., on the East.

HAWAII'S NEW
**MAUNA
KEA
BEACH
HOTEL**

GARY PLAYER *continued*

life was to become someone who does things for his country and who helps the youth of his country, and Hildyard was so impressed by the conviction he put the entire quote in headlines. Last December Player invited 20 orphans to his farm for a 10-day vacation. He gave them liberal doses of farm work and wholesome farm food and stern farmer's advice, and he enjoyed the experience so much he wants to make it a regular thing.

It bothers Player that "the situation"—apartheid and subjugation of the blacks—is looked on with such repugnance in the U.S., where he has been so royally treated. His love for America is genuine, but he does not think Americans appreciate his country's problems. He feels critics are not aware how near to savage the Bantu—the black natives—of South Africa really are. He says the chaos in the rest of Africa points this out and he believes, as most South Africans do (with some justification), that the Bantu have a happier and a better life in his country. He believes they are growing children who will some day be ready for the responsibility of adulthood, but in the meantime must be given a paternal guidance and a Christian compassion. He enjoys a close rapport with those Bantu interested in golf. He gives them balls and clubs, and in his honor a Gary Player Golf Club was formed by black Africans. He is adored by his black caddy, a boy named Frank. On a recent day when he was entertaining friends with a braai (a sort of Boer barbecue heavy on the sausage) on his Johannesburg lawn, he left guests to chat with seven blacks who had come right up in his driveway looking for him. "Boss, Geddy," they called him. They wrung his hand and explored his Cadillac. Some he spoke to in fluent Afrikaans, though he is not an Afrikaner. "I'm glad you saw that," he said to an American at the barbecue. "These people are happy people."

"The situation" inevitably comes up in parker discussion, and Player does not try to divert it. He will even listen courteously when a woman guest elaborates on a theory that the difference between the races is in the consistency of their skulls and in liberal posture is

going to change it. He holds no such prejudice. He believes strongly that progress is being made, that the Verwoerd government is working in the interests of the Bantu but that the South African whites will maintain their society indefinitely. He likes to point out that more automobiles are owned by South African Negroes than by Russians. (His seven black visitors drove off in a station wagon.)

He also believes, does Gary Player, that God marked him for special handling. "How else can you explain all the wonderful things? My life has been incredible when you think about it." It worries him that he does not know clearly for what reason the good fortune has come, and he cannot fathom the way the scale sometimes tips. "My brother Ian is the most dedicated man I know," he says. "I work my heart out on a golf course and make a very good living. But it is just a bloody game. Ian works his heart out on that game reserve, and he is lucky to clear \$300 a month."

The question to be answered, then, might be this: Can a man have all that Gary Player has had and will have and find happiness, too? Of course he can. But has Gary Player? "The fun," said Vivienne Player one night in the living room of the Player home, "was getting to the top. Not being there, but getting there." Which is no new discovery.

Player was 14 when he first started hanging around Jock Verwey's clubhouse at the Virginia Park course at Johannesburg, the sight of Viv Verwey in a pink sweater having turned his thinking to golf. He told his sister Wilma and his brother Ian that he was going to be six feet tall and, rapidly flexing the fingers of both hands in their grinning faces, that by the time he was 30 he was going to have £30,000 in the bank. The way he was going to get it was to become a professional golfer.

He was a natural athlete who ran track and swam and had won honors in soccer and cricket. His touch with golf, however, had been in his toes. He used to dig balls out of the mud of a pond on a nearby course with his feet, and sell them by the dozen. Then one day he talked his father into taking him along for a game,

continued

THAT KEDS LOOK



Keds Mainsails were designed to grip the slippery decks of racing yachts. But why do so many landlubbers insist on wearing them? Because of the Mainsail's rugged good looks and incredible comfort. With deep zigzag cut out soles for sure grip. Shock-proof arch cushions and pull-proof eyelets. In White, Navy, Chino, Green, or Faded Blue—it'll be your favorite shoe on or off the decks. Regular oxford or slip-on.



UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER

If you have forced-air heat, you own half a G-E Central Air Conditioning system already.



Take the case of Mr. Donald DeWinter of Kansas City, Kansas, who says: "It took just \$740 and two days to air condition our home and garage."

Why so inexpensive? Because Mr. DeWinter had forced-air heat, he already had adequate ducting. And putting in the ducts does represent half—or more—of the time and work needed to install central air conditioning.

Why G.E.? "Reliable," answers Mr. DeWinter. And there's a good reason. G.E. makes every major

component that goes into its system. Every part is matched to work perfectly with the rest. This means maximum efficiency, dependable performance.

Call for free survey. If you have forced-air heat, find out how little it costs to add G-E Central Air Conditioning. Call your G-E dealer for a free installation estimate. Ask him, too, about his easy financing terms. There's no obligation. See the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning Equipment."

Make your house a "Home for All Seasons."

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Make sure the other half is General Electric— the manufacturer that makes every major part of its system.

and the first time he swung a golf club in earnest he parred three holes in a row. By the time he was 16 he was telling everybody he was going to quit school and turn pro and marry Jock Verwey's pretty daughter. Jock saw in young Gary Player great ambition matched with small talent. "No bloody chance," Jock said.

But there is an Player an almost mystical respect for hard practice. He enjoys being told that no one save Ben Hogan ever worked harder perfecting a golf swing. Even now it comes out. When preparing for the South African Open at Houghton he woke up the course secretary hitting balls down the practice fairway at dawn. Harold Henning once said he was "just not cut out to slog like Gary does," and it was Henning whom Player beat by a stroke in that tournament. Player would, as a boy, practice eight hours a day. He would keep Vivienne Verwey waiting "just until I hit 10 straight ones in a row," or "hole five chip shots." "Now this putt," he would say, hunching over the ball, "is for the U.S. Open Championship."

Whiskey Player took out a bank loan to finance Gary's first trip. He played with used golf balls. In an exhibition with Bobby Locke and Peter Thomson he borrowed a pair of pants from Bobby Verwey, Vivienne's brother, because he was embarrassed by his own clothes. Bobby weighed 50 pounds more than Gary did. To hide the discrepancy, Gary wore a bulky knit sweater and suffered through the hottest day of the year.

He won his first international tournament in Cairo—the 1955 Egyptian Open—and went out that very afternoon and practiced until it was dark. Brian Wilkes, a fellow pro who was with the group making the trip, was flabbergasted. "What the hell do you think you're doing, Gary?" "Brian," replied Player, "in four years I am going to win the British Open." It took him exactly four.

In 1956 he was leading the Ampol tournament in Melbourne, Australia by seven strokes as he came to the final hole, and he was praying. "Dear Lord, don't let me faint," and when he claimed the winner's check he wired Vivienne Verwey to buy her wedding dress and set aside enough money to buy his sister Wilma

and her husband a house in Jo-burg.

He remembers being 40 stories up in a New York hotel on his first trip to the U.S. in 1957, and getting so homesick he telephoned Vivienne to come right away. He was second to Tommy Bolt in the 1958 U.S. Open, and he rushed up to Vivienne, shouting, "Guess how much we won, Love? Five thousand dollars! Five thousand dollars!" They bought a yellow-and-black Ford sedan.

His intensity on the course was immense. He is never a vindictive man, but his great drive to succeed often ran at odds with his compassion for people. He had fierce private battles with his father, and kissed him when all was resolved. Walking beside him one day in a match-play tournament when he was six holes down to Tony Lema, Vivienne said encouragingly, "I love you, darling," and Gary snapped, "Don't ever give me sympathy on a golf course!" He once missed a short putt, a very important one, in a tournament in Johannesburg and looked up to see a man grinning at him. "This is my life's work," he blurted. "I don't think there is anything to smile about." Later somebody told him the man's grin was not a grin at all, but his natural expression. Player searched the course over, found the man and apologized.

He won the British Open in 1959 and the Masters in 1961. Endorsements and ancillary benefits lined up by McCormack assured him \$20,000 that year before he hit another ball, but he still went out and led the money winners on the tour. McCormack had to hire Bill and Tony Trolip, lawyer sons of the South African Minister of Labour and Immigration, and lesser advisers in Japan and Australia to keep the money in neat piles. Player won the PGA Championship in 1962 and with his victory in the U.S. Open at Bellerive last June became the third golfer in history—following Hogan and Gene Sarazen—to have won all four major tournaments. By the end of 1965, Player had won checks in 140 of 150 events, and averaged \$2,258 a check.

Gary Player does not drink or smoke. He does not party. His idea of entertaining friends is to have them over for a quiet braai/ies, or to fly them up to his farm to camp out by the lake and clomp

continued

it works



NEW From
unsingwear
Grand-Slam
STRETCH SOCKS

*Softest thing
on two feet!*



Luxuriously soft and gilly, these extra long socks help take the strain off your feet as they cushion your walk. Blended of 75% Orlon acrylic, 25% stretch nylon, these ultra comfortable socks are ideal for sports, smart for business wear. One size stretches to fit all. Handsome fashion colors \$1.99.

Nearly every man and boy wears something by
Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55405



Car Using Oil?
CURE IT WITH CASITE
MotorHoney
STOP AT YOUR SERVICE STATION



**Try
Field &
Stream**
...the different
new aromatic
pipe tobacco

Sweatshirts
by **Springfoot**
at good stores
anywhere



Don't move!!

Without letting us know so that we can deliver your weekly copy of \$4 in time—and to the correct address. Send details on change-of-address form in the back of this magazine.

GARY PLAYER *continued*

through the forests. I figure is available at Player social gatherings, but it is more likely that Coke will flow like water. John Hildyard believes that one reason Player has not achieved the unanimous popularity of Bobby Locke (though Locke did little for South African golf by comparison) is because Locke was one to sit around clubhouse cocktail lounges after a round, telling funny stories and letting people buy him drinks. It is possible, too, that some might find irritating the constant maintenance of Gary Player's immaculate personality; his constant references to physical fitness, made in rambling, played-to-the-heart-strings speeches; his preachments on wheat germ and dried fruit; his admonishments of the flabby; his goading references to the American way of doing things better, his stand-up soliloquies for God, flag and family. "He is," said a British journalist's wife who had never met him, "just too damn good to be true."

But Gary Player is true, and that is his torment. In his den, where he keeps the only evidences of his golfing success (pictures with people like Eisenhower, trophies, scorecards of famous victories), he says privately that if he were able to look at Gary Player out on the golf course he would not see the man he thinks he is. "What I would see," he says, "is just the opposite of what I am. Basically I love to laugh. I love people. I like to have people like me, to have friends. But what I would say of the person I would see out there is, 'Well, he is a hottie.' I am too sentimental, I suppose. I am not scared to fight for anything or to fight anybody. You follow? My word of honor, I would fight Mike Souchak if I had to, though it would not go well for me. I am sure. But if I were a schoolboy and my teacher were to tell me that I was lazy or bad, it would shatter me."

The honesty within himself about himself drives Gary Player. He does not want to appear anything but what he is. Once, some time ago, in a car with an American writer and another pro golfer, he listened from the back seat while the other two made raking references to a golfer who wore fingernail polish. Player leaned forward and in that intense tenor voice

said, "Uh, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, I use fingernail polish."

Last December, Player took the family to the farm for their first real vacation there. Gary's days were occupied with hard, elementary labor. He worked side by side with John Clarke and with an African he calls Willy, a Sesuthu who is illiterate and lives in a kraal of rondavels with two (dead) 10 children. Player thinks Willy is an excellent example of the good African—a hard worker, loyal and suspicious of the white man's glutinous diet. He says that Willy has been to Johannesburg and never wants to go back.

Player ate porridge and homemade bread that Mrs. Clarke sent over, and bananas and avocados and papaws fresh from the garden. He rode horses at break-neck speed on his \$200 western saddle. He built a gate with huge pillars to lead to his house, and a paddock-style fence all the way round. He roamed the dark, silent forests. He had long chats with his children. There was no television, no radio except for the news, and the telephone rang infrequently because he most share it with six other parties in Magnolia's Kloof. He sat on the stoep at night and watched the mists roll into the valley, and at 8:30 he was ready for bed.

When he came down out of the mountains, he had tournaments to play and speeches to make. He had meetings with Mark McCormack. He got his dad to arrange for a special native war dance at the gold mines for the coming of Jack Nicklaus. He conducted a press coffee to announce the opening of his new athletic club and spoke at tiring length about what an important thing fitness is and what a great man John F. Kennedy was to realize it. He was in constant demand. His time was never his. He made a lot more money. He endured Molly Reinhardt. And every time he talked of the farm he sounded like a homesick child.

Discussing Player at a cocktail party at George Blumberg's house some nights later, Denis Hutchinson, another South African, said it for all the others: "I would not want his life," said Hutchinson. "I would want his money, and the things he has, but I would not want his life." Maybe no one but Gary Player could handle it.

END



Today's high horsepower cars need
the total penetrating action of Pure High HP Purelube motor oil.



**total
penetrating
action**

High-performance engines need a special kind of oil. An oil that penetrates and protects bearing surfaces... hydraulic valve lifters... all close-fitting parts where tolerances are measured in *ten-thousandths* of an inch. An oil that clings to metal surfaces and oil-plates them under extreme heat and friction. An oil with the *total penetrating action* of High HP Purelube.

High HP also assures fast starts in all weather and prevents rust and sludge build-up.

The fact is, High HP Purelube meets, and *exceeds* the requirements for every car on the road.

Next time, don't just change oil. Pull in at the big, blue Pure Oil sign and change *up*—to High HP Purelube.





The Buick Sportwagon. A perfect way to run away to sea.

If all you need is something that'll make it to the store and back, any wagon will do. But if you've bent on discovering America for yourself, what you'll need is the long-distance wagon. The tuned wagon. That blend of performance, styling, ride, and handling that makes a wagon more than just a lot of cargo space on wheels.

The way we look at it, the ideal wagon should be an exceedingly comfortable and good-looking car with a lot of space in it. So that's what we built.

The ideal wagon should have enough

engine to cope with any load without ever running out of breath. So we gave ours no less than 220 horsepower's worth.

The ideal wagon should ride like . . . well, like a Buick. So we carefully tuned the Sportwagon's suspension to do just that. And then made available an automatic level control that keeps everything evened up, even with an extra-heavy load aboard.

The ideal wagon should handle as easily as the best of cars. So we tuned it to handle like any other Buick.

The ideal wagon should come with

safety equipment built right in. Like this one, with an outside rear-view mirror and a shatter-resistant one inside. Windshield washers and dual-speed wipers. A padded dash and padded sun visors. Back-up lights. And, of course, seat belts all around. (A second to buckle them could add years to your life.)

What we've ended up with is the ideal wagon for that long vacation trip to the coast you've been promising yourself ever since the children came along.

(And for making it down to the store and back when you get home.)

1966 Buick. The tuned car.



BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

GOING—Italy's NINO BENVENUTI won his fifth straight title (320 yards, 65 professional) and returned his European middleweight championship when he scored a TKO over West Germany's Jupp Eber in 1:27 of the 14th round in Berlin. Benvenuti, who gained the whereabouts title in the 1968 Olympics in Rome, also held the world junior middleweight championship.

GOING—CLIFFORD ARN CRIED of Alexandria, La., took the lead in the second round and held it to win the \$45,000 Dallas Cowboy Open by seven strokes, with a one-shot par 235, over runner-up Jeff Toribueno of St. Louis.

HABBER RACING—BRIT HANOVER (32:10), driven by Frank Levin, won his 47th of 50 stunts with a 2½-length victory over Babenzon in a mile race at Brandywine at Wilmington, Del.

HOGST—ROCHESTER won its second straight American Hockey League championship at Cobo when it defeated Cleveland 2-0 on three first-period goals and took the best-of-seven playoff series 4-2. During the series, the Amerigo goalie, Bob Perreault, shut out the Barons for 14 minutes, 25 seconds—more than seven periods. MICK WATSON, 21-year-old Rochester center who scored 35 goals and had 51 points for the season, was named the league's Rookie of the Year. Winner of the National Hockey League's rookie award—the Calder Memorial Trophy—was BRIT SMITH, Toronto's 21-year-old left wing from Kingston, Ont. Smith, who came to the Maple Leafs from the Toronto Marlboros of the Ontario Hockey Association, scored 14 goals and had 14 assists in 61 games this season and drew only 26 minutes in penalties. He led the building in six 18-point, eight-ahead of Detroit defenseman Bob Marshall.

HORSE RACING—Mrs. Edward Larkin's INDULTO (2:40.4), ridden by Johnny Kent, won Aqueduct's 9th Mrs. Larkin Stakes over favored Cerebra de Cerebra, previously unbeaten in six starts.

At Sportsman's Park in Chicago, MICHIGAN AYE NUL (55:10), owned by Frank C. Rand Jr. and ridden by Manuel Ycaza, scored his first stakes victory when he beat Aler's Hope by three-quarters of a length in the Illinois Derby.

WINTER SPORTS—MARIO ANDRETTI, 26, of Nazareth, Pa., driving a Renault-700L, broke the Indianapolis Motor Speedway's one-lap record with a 1:06.128-mile run around the 2½-mile oval and the historic qualifying mark for the 500 with an average of 165.99 mph (over 22). During a warmup for the state CHUCK ROORE, a 31-year-old race

car driver from Indianapolis who was well known on the U.S. Auto Club's drag and sprint circuits, was killed when his car crashed into a retaining wall.

Australia's JACK BRABHAM had all the way in his Brabham-Rapra 1 to win the International Formula 1 trophy race at Silverstone, England, by 7.4 seconds over Britain's John Surtees. Surtees, who was the British Grand Prix for Formula 1 in Zolder, Belgium, a day earlier, covered the 102.55-mile course in 57:57.4 for an average of 119.06 mph to break the new 1 record (115.95 mph) set last year by Surtees, the 1964 world champion driver.

ROWING—HARVARD's unbeaten heavyweight men's eight 2nd straight uncollegiate race when they defeated Brown by a length on the 3,000-meter course on Lake Quannawad in Woonsocket, Mass. for the Eastern Sports Association Paul Ross Cup.

MARQUETTE COLLEGE won the Dad Vail regatta on the Schuylkill near Philadelphia by winning the varsity, junior-varsity and freshman races. It was the Marquette varsity's ninth win this year, ending its first split-season season since the college began competing in rowing in the 1930s.

TENNIS—The U.S. won the Fed Cup—the recently started women's version of the Davis Cup—by defeating West Germany 10-6 on singles matches in Turin, Italy, at RUTH HILDEMAN of New York beat Helga Susann 4-6, 5-6, 6-1, and Mrs. BILLIE JEAN KNOTT of Long Beach, Calif., the top-ranked U.S. player, defeated Fide Budge 4-3, 3-6, 6-1. In the doubles Mrs. King and Carole Guibaud of Beachwood, Ohio, beat Mrs. Budge and Helga Schuster 4-6, 4-2.

Australia's TONY ROCHF, who returned 21, won his first major singles title when he defeated Nicola Pietrangeli of Italy in straight sets (11, 6-1, 6-2) in the final for the Italian championship in Rome. On his way to the title, Rochf beat his countryman Fred Stolle in the quarter-finals and Marty Mulligan, an Australian who is now living in Rome, in the semifinals.

TRACK & FIELD—"I had an idea I could run the fast for two miles," said 16-year-old RIM YUL of Kansas after he set a new American mark (8:25.2) at the Los Angeles Coliseum Relay, finishing less than a yard ahead of second-place runner of Portland, Ore., as Eugene's Nipponic bays came in third (9:04.4). USC, anchored by Dennis Carter 1:47.8 half mile, set a second of the world record in the two-mile relay with a 7:13.4. The Southern California Men's BOB SAGGREN, holder of the world indoor pole vault mark, won at 17 feet 5½ inches and the following night at the West Coast Relay

in Fresno, cleared 17 feet 5½ inches to break the world outdoor record set by Fred Hansen of Rye in 1964 by 1½ inches. In Seattle, Washington's GERRY LUNDGREN ran his three-mile (12:51)—the fastest time ever recorded by an American and just ½ second over the world mark recorded last year by Australia's Ben Clarke.

At the Big Eight meet in Columbia, Mo., Oklahoma State's JOHN PERRY ran a 1:47.2 half mile, the fastest in the world this season. Washington's GERRY LUNDGREN, who broke a 30-year-old meet record with a 7:14 in the 1960-61 dash and the conference 200 record with a 25.8, took his first outdoor title since 1958.

VOLLEYBALL—GENE SELZNICK, a 36-year-old Los Angeles parking-lot operator, led the SAND & SEA CLUB of Santa Monica, Calif., to the second division title, over-scheduled the club's season with a win in the open over the Hollywood Outrigger at the U.S. Volleyball Association National Championships in Grand Rapids, where the U.S. ANGELUS BENEDEAGLI, also coached by Selznick, won the women's title (21:01) over Long Beach Shorelocks and SANTA MONICA CITY COLLEGE defeated defending champions UCLA for the college championship.

WRESTLING—HAROLD HARRY SINDEN, 33, a member of Canada's 1968 Olympic hockey team who directed the Central Hockey League's Oshkosh Flyers to the playoff championship a week earlier, as coach of the Oshkosh Blues, took place flowers this year. Sinden replaces MICK SCHMIDT, 44, a member of the same organization for 27 years and coach for 18 of the years. Sinden, who will take a full-time job in the film industry, "I'd like to have a team that plays like the Montreal Canadiens, checks like the Detroit Red Wings and is mean like Toronto," said Sinden.

HIRED ANDY ROBERTS, 39, former All-Pro defensive end for Los Angeles (1951-1955) and New York (1956) took his head coach of the Brooklyn Dodgers in the National Football League.

HIRE—Former public relations director of the California Angels, IRVING KAZEL, 79, as publicity director of the American Football League.

APPOINTED—To the newly created position of director of public relations for Madison Square Garden Corp., BOB WOLFE, 45, who has been a relations of Garden events for five past 12 years.

NAMED—TOM CARILL, 46, West Point's able football coach for the past seven seasons, as head Calum coach, replacing Paul Dittol, who recently resigned as Madison head coach at South Carolina.

CREDITS

4—Gerry Carlson 36 28—Jerry Cooper 33 Herb Thompson 32 35 Jerry Davis 3A, 35 Herb Thompson 40 43—Tony Brown 3P—Gordon Blevins 36—Jerry Cooper 32—Walter Blevins 32 84—Gerry Carlson 49—Joe and Del at Morning News, Phil Long Ohio Spring Daily Sportsman, Canadian Index from 100—49

FACES IN THE CROWD



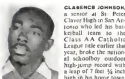
DAVID MULLEN, 11-year-old who plays shortstop and doubles as a pitcher for the Washington Township (N.J.) Little League's (N.J.) Little League's, but a little, a double, a triple and a home run with the bases loaded in four at bats—but, alas, his team lost to the Cubs 11-7.



BRIAN ORISKOFF of Huntington, N.Y., an Ohio State University sophomore, set a Midwestern Lacrosse Association record for one season when he scored 49 goals and had 19 assists for 68 points. The previous mark was registered in 1965 by Jeffrey Ellis of Kenyon College.



ALAN MCKIBBIN, 34, an industrial engineer from Jericho, Vt., paddled his kayak through 7½ miles of rapids in 59 minutes 31 seconds to win his first White Water Derby on the Hudson near North Creek, N.Y., over 116 other competitors in kayaks and canoes.



CLARENCE JOHNSON, a senior at St. Peter's College in San Antonio who led his basketball team to the Class AA Catholic League title earlier this year, broke the national schoolboy outdoor high-jump record with a leap of 7 feet 5½ inches in his home town.



ELISA FERNANDEZ, 19, Juarez, Mexico, totaled 38 points—more than any other rider—at the Dallas Charley Horse Show when she placed first, first and one fourth for the open-jumper title and two firsts, one third and a sixth for the working hunter championship.



BARRY BOYCE, a high school junior from Kingston, Ont., broke 492 out of 500 targets in winning seven out of 10 target titles and gaining the all-round award at the three-day combined Canadian and Quebec skeet shooting championships in St. Jean-sur-Richelieu, Que.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Manager Fiddie Stanky of CHICAGO (3-3) was upset by the publicity he received for an angry clubhouse striptease after a loss to the Tigers. He didn't think it funny that he had hurled his spikes into the corner or that he had popped the buttons off his shirt. "This winter," said Stanky, "I'm going to college to learn how to undress. From now on when we lose I'm going to offer the writers champagne, and then I'll roll on the floor and laugh and say, 'Hi fellas, we just lost a tough one 3-2, ha ha.'" Whereupon his White Sox lost to the Orioles 3-2. Gil Hodges of WASHINGTON (3-4) also began the week in a peculiar mood. After a 7-6 loss to the Angels he kicked the clubhouse door, and nothing but his voice and the clattering of objects banging off the walls could be heard. Robust hitting by Don Lock and the romantic-sounding combination of Fred Valentine (below) and Paul Casanova made winners of the Senators in two of the next three games. BALTIMORE (2-5) played almost nothing but one-run games but lost its knox for getting the big hit and dropped four of six such close ones. In KANSAS CITY (4-3) there is a 40-foot screen atop the fence to frustrate sluggers, but Larry Stahl hit a 504-foot homer and Ken Harrelson hit one 425 feet, giving the team a total of three at home for the season. Leon Wagner of CLEVELAND (3-2) took off his contact lenses and promptly hit his first homer of the year. The Indians beat Baltimore 4-3, 2-1. 2-1, lost to the Orioles 10-13 in 13 innings. Clete Braver of NEW YORK (4-2) said, "There's laughter around here now," as he extolled the virtues of having Ralph Houk as manager again. But injuries to Mickey Martie (pulled leg) and Whitey Ford (inflamed elbow) cut into the laughter. It was a week of injuries, with MINNESOTA (3-2) being especially hard hit. Zoilo

Veraflles went out with a sore arm, and Don Mincher hurt his leg in a collision with Umpire Frank Untch. Catcher Bill Freehan of DETROIT (3-1) was hit on the head by the backswing of a bat for the second time in his career, and for the second time the man swinging the bat was Tom McCraw of the White Sox. Five motion (1-5) players were ailing, but Manager Billy Herman was more concerned about the conduct of his men. "I've discovered by snooping around that some of our men haven't been behaving the way they said they were going to in spring training," Herman said. Hard hitting by the kids and superb relief work by 33-year-old Jack Sanford, who won twice, kept CALIFORNIA (5-3) moving.

Standings: CHIC 18-6, DET 12-8, BAL 16-10, CAL 12-12, CIN 14-12, MIN 12-12, WASH 10-16, NY 13-13, KC 9-18, BOST 7-9

NATIONAL LEAGUE

It was almost too much to ask the 46,048 ST. LOUIS (4-1) fans who came to the opening of Busch Memorial Stadium to go without hot dogs and beer, which were unavailable because of operational difficulties and a truckers' strike. And it was almost too much to ask the newest Cardinal, Orlando Cepeda, to bust. But the hungry, thirsty fans stayed to the end, and Cepeda, bunting for the second time in his nine years in the major, wound up on second base when the ball was thrown into center field. Minutes later Lou Brock rewarded fans and Cepeda by driving in Curt Flood with a single that beat the Braves 4-3 in the 12th. Turk Farrell of MINN (3-2), with nothing to relieve from Claude Raymond and a homer in the same inning by Jim Wynn, beat the Phillies 1-0 on a one-liner. Earlier the Astros downed the Braves with some mischiming strategy that worked—in a roundabout way.

Both Bob Aspromonte and Joe Morgan failed to hunt runners along, but both atoned with singles that brought a 5-4 victory. And Pete Rose helped CINCINNATI (5-3) beat the Braves with tactics that did not quite work. Rose was supposed to hit behind the runner on a hit-and-run play but, instead, he hit the ball over the runner—and over the fence, as a matter of fact. Red pitchers had what amounted to a perfect game against the Braves, retiring 31 batters in a row over two games in a doubleheader sweep. It was too much for ATLANTA (2-6) Manager Bobby Reagan to take. He had a closed-door session with his players, then explained, "We resolved to start winning." The resolve may have been there but, except in one 8-1 victory, the hits were not. The strong left arm of a career tobacco farmer from Kentucky saved slumping PITTSBURGH (1-5). "I was fakin' to be a farmer all my life," said Woody Fryman, who beat the Dodgers 4-3. Wisk the Mets leading 4-0, Willie Mays of SAN FRANCISCO (4-2, page 20) was sent to the clubhouse to rest his gippy ankle. Then Tom Haller hit a two-run homer. Mays suited up in time to hit a game-tying home run, and the Giants won in the 17th. Then NEW YORK (3-2) ended the Giant win streak at 12 games. Manager Leo Durnacher of CHICAGO (0-3) went to Owner Phil Wrigley for help but, alas, there was no help that money could buy, and Leo had to sit back and suffer as the Cubs, particularly Billy Williams (.077), doubled his displeasure. Richie Allen of PHILADELPHIA (2-4) was out with a bad shoulder, and the offense (.223 BA for the week) fiddled. Sandy Koussar and Don Sutton each won twice for LOS ANGELES (4-2).

Standings: SF 22-5, NY 18-17, LA 12-14, PH 13-13, PIT 12-13, NY 11-12, ATL 10-16, CIN 12-13, MIL 12-13, CHC 9-19

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Fred Valentine of Washington gets a lot of kicks out of playing a card game called pluck, which he says "is a lot like bridge and what we play it most usually in the clubhouse." In a sense, pluck has made Valentine a big league outfielder. He needed all the fortune he could find during the nine long years he played in the minors. There were days when caucalling rednecks yelled "Hey, see those watermelons on second base, fast boy. Go get 'em." But fans in Wilson, N.C., honored Valentine one night, and when they did the general manager of the rival Greensboro club asked for permission to present the Most Valuable Player award to Fred. "He

knew what I had gone through," Valentine says now, "and in his speech he said that some of the punishment I had taken had been inflation." Valentine did not like the hardships of the minors, but in his opinion they simply made him enjoy life in the big leagues just that much more. And never has he enjoyed himself more than last week, when he batted .500 and accounted for 11 runs. Among his 15 hits were four doubles, a triple and two home runs. The outburst moved Valentine up to sixth place among the league's top hitters with a .320 average. His hitting was also largely responsible for three Washington victories. Hitting like this has given Valentine a home in the majors and a chance to play pluck in the clubhouse.



SENATORS' FRED VALENTINE

A trout fisherman should never look into a mirror. If he does, his ego will collapse like a pair of empty waders. Here he is, a full-grown man dressed like a deep-sea diver, with a ridiculous battered hat on his head instead of a helmet, and more gear hanging from his shoulders than a U.S. marine making a beach landing. And all this to go out and do battle with an adversary that most often is about as long as his middle finger and just as thick.

The trout fisherman is a phony who shrouds himself from any facsimile of the truth with a set of self-created illusions, delusions, laws, creeds, alibis and superstitions that would make a medicine man in a tribe of headhunters turn in his gourd.

The fisherman begins by forgetting the primary purpose of fishing, which is to catch fish. He frowns on any method that is simple and productive, like using a chunk of liver on a hook, or netting, or patronizing the frozen-fish counter at his supermarket. The fisherman has a saging ego, which he must feed by reducing the odds in favor of the fish with use of artificial flies (preferably homemade) and gossamer-thin leaders.

Above all, the devout trout fisherman distorts fishing in his mind until it is no longer fishing. It becomes an "art": The Piscatorial Art, with himself as the wielder of the brush. It becomes a Heroic Epic, with himself as the wielder of the sword, battling with superhuman efforts of will and might against an unconquerable adversary. In his illusion the trout (legal size: six or seven inches in most states) becomes the "wily" trout, or even the "noble" trout, which slashes and darts and heaves its mighty shoulders through the foam of the rapids.

One of the fisherman's face-saving rationalizations is that he does not meet his adversary on common ground. If, for example, he and the trout were in a bathtub together the result would be inevitable. After a few grasps at his slimy-slippery adversary, the fisherman would call upon the higher intelligence of his species: he would pull the plug and end up with his prey gasping in defeat against his flanks. The absence of a bathtub changes everything. It leaves the man in his element hankering after the trout and the trout in its element hankering after whatever trout hanker after.

Confused, often browbeaten, always ego-faltering, man can't leave well

enough alone—especially in the spring, when the sap is beginning to rise in him, and he is suddenly Man. He is the protector, the provider and, with flaring nostrils and glowing eyes, he must convince himself of the fact. His blood roils and boils. Only the conquest of a powerful adversary will uncurl his upper lip. It is his destiny, and he cannot deny it. He has got to go out and conquer a trout. But trout fishermen, once they have outgrown the barefoot-boy, tree-branch, store-borne, bent-pin stage, cannot just go out and catch a trout. They must prepare for a crusade.

Preparations usually begin in midwinter, when snow witches are dancing over the white land. They consist of reading the books written by experts on fishing, who somehow always find time out from fishing to write books about it. The rods (plural) are carefully inspected. Although it is virtually impossible to cast with more than one rod at a time, each fisherman has to have several rods. He has soft-action rods that he uses for wet-fly fishing and fast-action rods for dry-fly fishing. Blindfolded he couldn't tell the difference.

The fisherman must also have a multiplicity of lines: lines with long tapers and torpedo-head lines, lines that together sink with wet flies and lines that float with dry flies.

Tying his flies can keep a fisherman busy for months and years on end. These flies are tied to imitate any and every insect that has ever lived or might ever live—and in any and every stage of its development from the nymph stage to its last fluttering moment. These artificial flies must imitate the natural fly precisely. All the experts say so. A minor error might escape the scientifically trained eye of an entomologist, but it would never, never deceive the wily trout.

So the fisherman goes on preparing his armament and dreaming of the fateful day when he will meet his foe face to face. Strangely, that moment when man and fish meet is not known as The Moment of Truth; it is known as Opening Day. That day, marked on every trout fisherman's calendar, sustains him through the frustrations of his everyday living. He doesn't audibly snap back at his boss, he meekly permits himself to be herded to the back of the bus, he allows his doctor to treat him like a none-too-bright child and obediently swallows the pills whose names he dares not ask, he lets

Reflections of a Trout Fisherman

by GEORGES CAROUSSO

insurance salesmen sell him insurance he does not need, he agrees with his wife that she is more capable than he of managing the family finances and he permits his son to practice the trumpet over weekends. He is an ordinary man. But his day is marked on the calendar. His day will come. And eventually it comes.

It is Opening Day! Cold and miserable, as most. Our trout fisherman stands on the bank and surveys his field of battle. His face is winter-pale, but he stands proud in his battle dress. Who ever heard of a knight without armor, a Robin Hood without a feather in his cap, a D'Artagnan without a cloak? Is not our fisherman going to perform rare deeds of valor and gallantry and prowess? To fight with heart pure and strong and pit his whippy lance and gossamer leaders against a monstrous enemy?

Well, anyway, he wears chest-high waterproof waders and heavy, hobnailed brogues. Above the waders he wears a woolen shirt and on top of this a short fishing jacket, which is little more than a vast collection of pockets sewn together. The jacket has a loop to act as a butt rest for his rod while he changes flies, which is often. There is another loop for holding a bottle of waterproofing liquid for his dry flies. There is a small piece of sheepskin sewn over one pocket on which to hang dry flies to dry.

The jacket pockets contain a few necessities: a handkerchief, a pipe and tobacco, two packs of cigarettes. The pipe is traditional and he smokes it once during each fishing trip until it begins to raise blisters on his unaccustomed tongue. But who ever was a trout fisherman with a cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth and looking like Louie the Dip? The jacket pockets also hold a windproof lighter, a waterproof matchbox full of kitchen matches in case the

continued

windproof lighter doesn't light, special glasses for underwater vision; a bottle of insect repellent with a leaky top; a small bottle of ammonia for the bugs of insects the repellent did not repel; a leather wallet with felt pages for bucktails and streamers; another wallet for wet flies and nymphs; a leader case; a line clipper; a transparent, compartmented box for dry flies; a similar box containing hooks, strip lead, split shot, spinner, swivels and a lucky buffalo nickel; another box of dry flies; a fishing knife; a sharpening stone; a wader-patching outfit (compact size); a stiletto for opening the varnish-plugged eyes of hooks; a small folding ruler; a slightly inaccurate, but fluttering, weighing scale; a thermometer for testing water temperatures; a tin of line dressing; three sticks of chewing gum; a "priest" (the fisherman's version of a black jack, for dispatching unruly captives); two egg sandwiches; and a small flask of snakebite lotion imported from the hills and stiffs of Kentucky. Such items as a camera, an extra reel, a notebook and pencil, a small first-aid kit and a soft-bound copy of the *Flyboy* are so obvious they need not be mentioned. A rod, landing net and creel complete the fisherman's armament. And, of course, The Hat.

The Hat is as individual a piece of equipment as the blazon on a knight's shield. This is *this* man's hat. He has punched it out of shape, squeezed it, kneaded it and caressed it through long winter evenings. He has fastened its sheepskin band with colorful flies and stained its brim with greasy fly dope. He has religiously dipped it into each stream or lake he has ever fished, as a caution warning to all fish that he was present and to beware. If he dared, he would have The Hat bronzed and state in his will that it was to be buried with him. That hat is his final thumb-to-nose gesture at Brooks Brothers and the society that shapes his everyday life.

Our fisherman thrusts out his jaw, dips the brim of his hat into the roiling water, clamps it on top of his head, steps into the stream and begins to cast. He forgets the vicissitudes of life; its slings and arrows are splintered memories that glance off his armor. He ignores the fact that there are millions of him throughout the land doing just about the same thing he is doing. This is *his* moment, and he is aware only of the fact that he has this part of the stream all to himself—and he

hopes that it is not so remote that the fish-hatchery trucks missed it while they were stocking the streams.

He fishes long and hard, aware of the chill air and the sky and the pressure of the water against his waders. He fishes as the experts have written, as he should, conscious of the action of his rod, of the tension in his wrist, of his elbow tight against his side. He follows their bank plans, and his fly flutters and lands light as a thrushdown and nothing happens. It drowns in a ruffle—and nothing happens. He changes flies and tactics—and nothing happens.

He abandons dry-fly fishing, the "pure art form," and tries hucktails and wet flies. Twice he sees a flash in the depths behind his offering but strikes much too late, and the trout that took the fly spins it out quicker than a wink.

Oh, damnable, wily trout! hatchery-born and hatchery-rased on a diet of ground-up liver and fish and vitamins put into the streams three days before Opening Day, ignorant of streamcraft, ignorant of the facts of their life which, since time primordial, dictated to their species that they must feed on insects.

At last the fisherman puts away his cunning and his artificial lures, which he has fashioned with such pains and eye-strain, and he splashes to the bank of the stream. He would not do this if other fishermen were watching him. He could not bear to lose face with them. But he isn't having any luck, and the water is too dark and cold, and he can't face his wife with an empty creel, and he can't tell his boss that he was skunked by the wily trout.

With the heel of his brogue he breaks off a chunk of earth at the stream's edge and peers eagerly. There! A nice, wriggly, pink, fat worm! With trembling fingers he tucks a bare hook onto his leader and, with his teeth, squeezes a split shot onto it for a sinker. He threads on his worm, steps into the stream once more and tosses the worm into the pool. (The piscatorial gods forgive him. He tossed it in, not cast it with perfect parabolic arcs of rod and line.)

The fisherman feels a tug . . . reeds out line . . . feels another tug . . . feeds out more line . . . braces himself . . . lifts the rod tip smartly. . . . He has a fish on! It's not much of a fish. He can tell that because the up-and motion of his rod when he struck the fish nearly flipped it out of the water. But he's not

going to let trifles belittle this glorious moment of battle. He can compensate for the size of the fish by easing his muscles on the rod.

He plays the fish slowly, prolonging his gratification in a masochist prolongs his pain. The power of the fish, its frightened surges, swift runs and throbbing convulsions are exaggerated as they transmit themselves to him through the sensitive link of line and rod. By some strange alchemy of projection, he becomes the fish; its struggle for life becomes his own struggle through life. For this brief moment he fights the forces that control his life, as the fish fights the hook and then leader that lead it, inexorably, to its destruction.

He feels the deep hurt and deep anger and fury, and his own muscles quaver. When, in a reckless leap, the trout leaves its element and shakes the spray from its body, suddenly he feels that grand gesture as a part of himself and, for a moment, he, too, rises above his element. How brave, he thinks, how hopelessly sad and brave.

And then, because he is a man, the thin bond alters and, instead of being a filament, it becomes a chain and, instead of being one with the conquered, he becomes the conqueror. He becomes big, bigger than he was. He raises his arm and draws his action toward him. He dips his hand into the water and touches and holds the sick body. The hook is deep inside the fish. If it were on its lips he would have twisted it free and returned the fish to the water and felt like a god for having granted life. But the hook is deep and fatal. He forces his fingers into the pulsating gills and lifts the fish into his creel.

And so his day goes, and to some fish he grants life and to others he passes his cruel verdict; and, at last, he leaves the stream, exhausted as from a great love, yet reborn somehow.

He goes home and, with a flourish, dumps his catch into the kitchen sink, the man, at last the provider. As he goes down the hall to wash up and shower, he catches a glimpse of himself in the full-length mirror on the closet door. He takes another step, stops and looks more closely.

I told you that trout fishermen should never look in a mirror. This one did, and he saw himself. And do you know who it was?

It was me.

END

Is there a secret language school for tire salesmen?



They must go somewhere to learn that lingo.

Nobody has a natural knack for confusing phrases like "high-hysteresis rubber" or "cross-braced treads."

Least of all, customers.

So any B.F. Goodrich salesman who talks like that gets sent to the used-tire rack for a month.

Because we don't operate that way.

We only use straight talk. With no confusing technical tire terms, no mumbo jumbo about grades, sizes and prices.

We've also got something called the B.F. Goodrich Tire Value Calculator. You use it yourself to pick out the best — and most economical — BFG tires for your kind of driving.

Maybe on-the-job training is where tire salesmen learn tire talk.

If so, ours will never pick up anything but English.

**The straight-talk
tire people.**

B.F. Goodrich

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE BIG EYE

Sirs:

It seems to me that the "insidious kind of salesmanship" against which ABC's Roone Arledge is preaching (*It's Sport, It's Money, It's TV*, April 25) has crept into his own article. When he says "it's obvious that NBC has to create an illusion of parity with the NFL" and states that "the NFL has twice as high a rating as the AFL," he creates a prejudice against the lower-rated AFL, which makes me wonder if TV is capable of resolving the "basic ethical conflict" of which he writes. The fact that CBS has paid \$28.2 million for the NFL games, owns the Yankees and is now forcing the AFL to be faced with an almost total blank by the NFL does not seem to bother his sensitive TV conscience one whit.

To me, a viewer, it is quite significant that one league—through TV—is trying to eradicate the other. It is also clear that the NFL, if successful, will be able to dictate the tastes of U.S. TV sports fans.

TIM REGAN

Boca Raton, Fla.

Sirs:

Roone Arledge tries to get over the idea that television is not running sport, but he seems to contradict himself when he says that hockey would be a better television sport if it were played with one less man on each team. This gives me the impression that TV would drastically alter a sport if it could in order to create more excitement for its audience.

FRANK RACIBORSKI

Montreal, Que.

Sirs:

Many sports are dying from overexposure, editorialism, inflation and a number of other things. Football, baseball and basketball, for instance, have millions of fans coast to coast, but few of them ever set foot in a baseball park, a football stadium or a basketball court. Instead, they sit before their TV sets and swallow the mixed "color and commentary" propaganda given.

My only request is that TV leave hockey alone. So far, there are no \$400,000 bonus babies in hockey, no prima donnas, no tensions, no lags in the speed of the game, no microphones in the pads of the players, no gimmicks of any kind. Hockey doesn't need gimmicks. NHL teams played to 93.7% of capacity during the regular season of 1964-65. Their fans go out to the games. You don't find any empty seats at hockey rinks, because this is one sport that has been left to its own.

PIERRE FLATO

Brighton, Mass.

Sirs:

Is there any way that we fans who have no nearby baseball games to attend can put pressure on the TV moguls to give us a ball game on both Saturday and Sunday?

J. PAUL JOHNSON

Port Angeles, Wash.

SUC UP!

Sirs:

Thanks tremendously for your uplifting report on the Pittsburgh Pirates (*Oh how! Bunt and Allev Gaps*, May 2). You see, I got the word—"The Pittsburgh Pirates will take the National League pennant and the World Series crown for 1966"—and your report just strengthened my belief!

TENA CHENER

Arden, N. Mex.

Sirs:

Tom C. Brady's article was (fabulous). It brought out the fact that the Pirates have the ability to work as a team and do not throw on one or two outstanding players alone. I am glad that, finally, someone has given recognition to the best key stone combination in baseball, but I was disappointed that you did not mention Vernon Law's four-hitter earlier in the season.

C. W. HORN

Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

When I looked back at your April 18-19 letter from the publisher I was very happy to see that there is at least one intelligent man on SI's baseball staff, Mark Mulvey. He is the only one who picked the Pittsburgh Pirates, the strongest team in baseball. I was also very surprised to see that Bill Leggett thinks the Pirates are going to finish eighth, behind every team excluding New York and Houston. You can tell Bill Leggett for me that he is out of his mind. The Pirates are the future World Champions.

JOHN GALE

Pittsburgh

FULL CIRCLE

Sirs:

Congratulations and thanks to SI and Jack Olsen for that moving five-part series on Cassius Clay (*A Case of Conscience*, April 11 et seq.). It was, unquestionably, the finest I have ever read on him. I like Mr. Olsen, I cannot bring myself to hate Cassius as so many other Americans do. Instead, I see before me the image of that "clean and sparkling champion" the world was waiting for and saw in Clay for such a brief time, before we found out he was just as confused and misguided as the world around him. Your article brought me much enjoyment,

but, at the same time, much sorrow, and, I hope, understanding.

MICHAEL DI NUNZIO

Providence

THE HAVES

Sirs:

As an avid Boston Celtics fan who suffered sleepless nights and acid indigestion during the recent playoffs, I looked forward to reading your May 9 article (*Some Old Pros Refuse to Die*). Much to my chagrin, I discovered that it was not a fair appraisal of the games or the Celtics but an article on John Havlicek.

Certainly, I concur in your opinion that Mr. Havlicek is an outstanding basketball player, but I strongly disagree with your seeming attitude that the rest of the team might as well have stayed on the bench.

JOHN L. BRADY

Wrentham, Mass.

Sirs:

It is about time that John (Hondo) Havlicek received some attention. He is indeed the best basketball player in the NBA. In college he had the fortune, or perhaps, misfortune, of playing on the same team with spectacular Jerry Lucas, whom he has surpassed in skills in the NBA. Now, as a pro, he is overshadowed by Bill Russell. Nevertheless, Havlicek has persevered. As a Hondo admirer, I thank you for giving him his due.

MICKEY CARTER

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

If the Boston fans cannot find a silver basketball for outgoing Coach Red Auerbach, I suggest they give him a gold-plated cigar with an eternal flame.

DONALD RUMSBURG

Chester, Conn.

THE HAVE-NOTS

Sirs:

In your April 25 story, *An Added Attraction for a Season's Double*, Curry Kirkpatrick asked the question, "Will there ever be anybody just a little bit bigger than the Boston Celtics?" My answer to him is a definite yes. Many of the other NBA teams match the Celtics in skill and probably in desire, but alas, they just don't have the luck. Boston's three-leaf-clover emblem should more appropriately be a four-leaf clover. Never have I seen a basketball team that has had so many of its shots bounce so many times around the hoop and still go in. Never have I seen a basketball team get so many rebounds and so many loose balls simply by being accidentally in the right place for the bounce. In other words, never have I seen

continued

Why the new self-focusing Honeywell slide projector stands head and shoulders above the others!



The Honeywell Rondelle 100 is shaped like a box—so is just about every other slide projector. But this boxy shape is one of the few things the Rondelle shares with ordinary projectors.

First, we incorporated a Honeywell invention—a self-focusing system that asks you to focus only the very first slide—because it focuses all the others itself, automatically. Not only automatically, but faster and more accurately than a human operator. Pure magic.

At this point somebody said how nice it would be, since we'd eliminated the need for a focusing knob, to keep the box neat and uncluttered. Wouldn't it be nice, for example, not to have to stick a tray on it,

either. We liked the idea so much we spent months trying to figure out how to do it. And we were stumped. Until somebody said, stand the box on end.



This simple 90° turn puts your good slides right in!

We did, and designed the safest slide-changing system in the world.

In the Rondelle 100, a magnet lifts your slide gently into place and gravity drops it back into the tray. This magnetic/gravity system, another Honeywell exclusive, completely eliminates mechanical changing arms. It's impossible for your slides to be damaged by the Rondelle projector.

With no mechanical changing arms to contend with, we were able to do a couple of other neat things. Such as putting 100 slides into the world's smallest 100-slide rotary tray—only 7" in diameter. Such as putting the tray *inside* the projector. When you pick up the Rondelle you've got everything you need for a slide show right in the projector itself. Even the cords are attached. They're hidden behind a sliding door in the back—score one more for

neatness. Carrying case? Who needs it—the Rondelle is self-contained.

And, finally, standing the box on end let us put the projection lens up high where it belongs. You get less "keystoning" on the screen. And you don't have to stack phone books under the Rondelle just to get the picture on the screen. The phone book is built in.

There are a lot of other built-in conveniences, too, including the handiest edit/preview gate on the market. The entire neat package costs only \$149.50 at your nearest Honeywell Photo Dealer's. Go see for yourself how a simple 90° turn put the Honeywell Rondelle head and shoulders above all other slide projectors!



Mail Coupon Below For Free Literature

Honeywell Photographic
Mail Station 209
Denver, Colorado 80217
Please send Rondelle 100 literature to:

Name

Address

City State Zip

Honeywell
PHOTOGRAPHIC



© 1977 Honeywell Information Systems Inc. All rights reserved.

I get LIFE on Thursday.



*I look forward to reading it
Thursday night. I plan on it.*



*But this week,
the damn thing came Wednesday.*



I wanted to watch television.



19TH HOLE continued

a team, any team in any sport, as lucky as the Boston Celtics.

WILLIAM PHAMPOK

Chicago

Sirs:

Each year for the past half a dozen seasons, basketball "experts" have said that the time had finally come for the Celtic dynasty to end. Age had diminished the unparalleled skills of their players, they said, and each year was to be the year of the Celtics' downfall. They said it after Shattman retired. They said it when Cousy left. Then it was Ramsey, and this year it was Heinsohn. Now Coach Arnold (Red) Auerbach is retiring with 1,032 wins to his credit. Now it seems that Willie Naulls and K. C. Jones will leave as well. Without Auerbach at the helm, the argument continues, the Celtics will founder. But will they? Each year they have come up with the necessary elements, with the little extra they needed to win. In Bill Russell, they have a coach who has played on championship teams since his junior year of college. My guess is that the winning tradition will continue for at least a few more years.

RICHARD GAY

Keokuk, Iowa

Sirs:

Good, so we've found it out: SI has a basketball reporter named Curry who's sold about Boston. The postcard he wrote about the NBA season and a playoff wrapup in the East handily discounts the significance of five anticlimactic possession games as opposed to the 80 regular-season tilts.

Outside of American League baseball, NBA basketball is starting to qualify as the sorriest spectator sport in America, owing to the ridiculous 80-games-an-inkspot-off-the-Knicks seasonal program. What did the NBA Eastern Division add up to this season? Philadelphia won title in 80 games (23 of which were on the road); Boston wins division championship in five games. Is this anyway to run a sport?

LAWRENCE BISHOP

Wayne, Pa.

PRaise FROM HOMER

Sirs:

Just read your article (A Game Girl in a Man's Honor, May 2) about Roberta Bingley in the Boston Marathon. Sixty-two years ago (1904) the winner of this letter was the winner of that famous race. Shortly afterward, when asked to give my impressions of it, I said that it was "an exhibition of physical torture."

My congratulations to a game girl in a man's game, and it is my sincere hope that she does not attempt it again.

MICHAEL SHAPIRO

Yonkers, N.Y.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020

TIME Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and, in connection with its subsidiaries, the international editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew W. Mellon; President, Executive Committee, Roy F. Lick; Chairman, Executive Committee, Charles L. Sullivan; President, James A. Linn; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Bromberg; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard R. Harris; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President and Comptroller, John F. Harris; Vice President, Charles A. Adams; President, M. Auer; Vice President, Edgar K. Baker; Charles F. Best; Clay Buchanan; R. M. Buckle; Charles L. Givens; Jr.; John L. Hultsback; Jerome S. Hardy; Walter J. Jones; Arthur W. Keyser; Henry L. Lee III; Ralph D. Palmer; W. Weston C. Parker Jr.; James R. Shapiro; Garry Vail; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Carin C. Venniger; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Engel; Richard B. McKinnough.

Sports Illustrated SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label in (most) group orders, whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
240 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611,
Charles A. Adams, Vice President

TO DISCONTINUE
mail this form with your payment,
check one:
☐ new subscription ☐ renew my subscription

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
U.S. and Canada: 1 yr. \$7.50
Military personnel anywhere in the world: 1 yr. \$9.00
All other: 1 yr. \$10.00

CHANCE OF ADDRESS attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Clip magazine address label here, post your new address label. If you have a sparetime when your subscription, please your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zipcode _____

Just a taste is all we ask...
it's all we've ever needed.



WHY?

Because this is the
most expensively made*
Bourbon in Kentucky...
and probably in the world.

We offer the rare mellowness of our new
86.8 proof OLD FITZGERALD Prime Straight or
the famous character of our original Bottled
in Bond. All we ask is that one taste.
(Wouldn't you if your Bourbon was
the most expensively made?)



Prime Straight



Original
Bottled in Bond



Your Key to Hospitality

*Source: Kentucky Drinking Records

STENZEL WISLER America's Oldest Family Distillery • 1505 • Louisville, Kentucky, 1849 • 86.8 & 100 Proof Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Satisfy your smoking taste
with **MADISON** Little Cigars
...even without inhaling!



MADISON
LITTLE CIGARS

- Satisfying cigar taste
- Slim, trim cigarette size
- Genuine cork tip, crush-proof box.